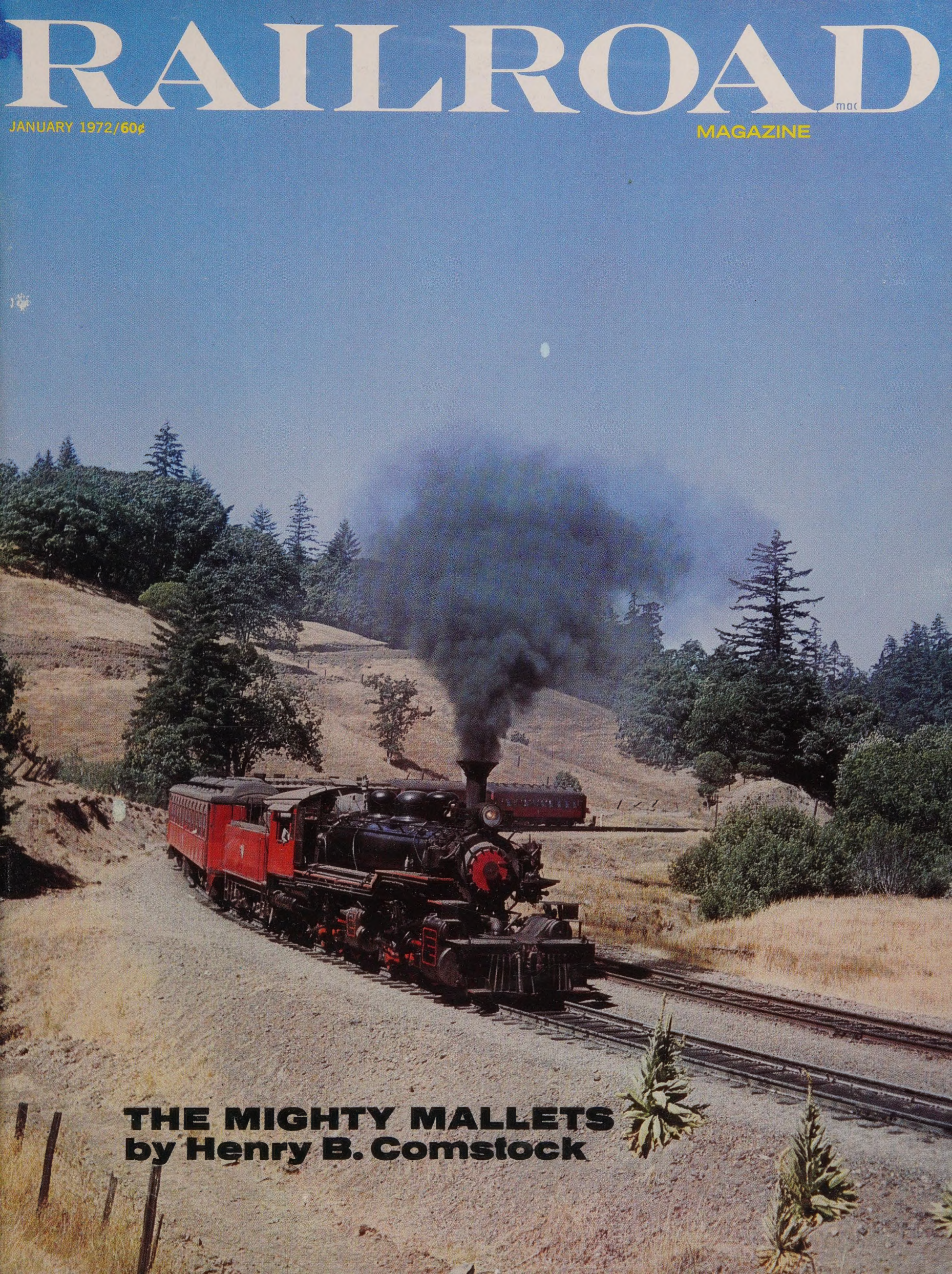
RAILROAD

JANUARY 1972/60¢

MAGAZINE



THE MIGHTY MALLETS
by Henry B. Comstock

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RAILROAD
MAGAZINE

Adventurous Railroading and Rail Hobbies—Founded 1906

VOL. 90, No. 3 JANUARY, 1972 60 CENTS

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B&O overnight train 7 stops at Willard, Ohio, on a very cold March 6, 1965.
Photograph by John W. Barnard, Jr. (Barnard-Wolford collection)

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THE MAIL CAR

where editors and readers meet

TYING IN with Hank Comstock's feature on "The Mighty Mallets" is our cover photo of the oldest active Mallet left in America, 2-6-6-2 No. 46 of the California Western, "The Redwood Route." This shot was made by Gary G. Allen, 215½ E. Palmer Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91205, who also took the pictures of that same engine used in our December issue, page 21. ●

PERSONALITIES. When Harry Blackwelder went back to work as a Southern Railway engineer out of Charlotte, N.C., on August 2nd immediately after an 18-day rail strike ended, that was his last day of work. He retired August third.

Railfan Delmar W. Yungmeyer of Chicago, vice president-at-large of the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, passed away last October 22nd. We will miss him.

Joanne King, a TV star, acquired a private railroad car named *Nancy Gale,* but three months passed before she could see it. During that time nobody seemed to know where it was. When it finally turned up at Wharton, Texas, she inspected its three bedrooms, two baths, drawing room, and dining room, all stripped of furnishings, and made plans for redecorating it.

Death has come to Ken Williams of Crown Metals, which built amusement-park type engines at Wyano, Pa. I worked with him on a park adaptation of a Southern Railway 4-4-0. Previously, he and I photographed steam engines at Fort Eustis, Va. Ken had a deep personal interest in railroading rather than simply making money out of it.—Railbook author H. Reid.

George W. Wickersham III, the Erie Lackawanna station agent at Milburn, N.J., was shot dead by a holdup man last September first. The killer fled with cash estimated at over $1,000, taken in mostly for monthly commutation tickets a short time before. The dying man phoned the EL dispatcher at Hoboken, reporting the attack. DS alerted police, who arrived quickly but too late to help the victim.

Wickersham had also pulled the station switch feeding electric power to a taxi office on the ground floor, below the station level. Glasco Smith, taxi dispatcher, went upstairs to investigate, but found the ticket office closed, with shades drawn. Assuming that the railroad agent was either out or busy working on accounts, Glasco returned downstairs. The bandit, carrying a bag, overtook him and shouted, "Get out of my way!" Glasco thought he was running for a westbound train via the underpass.

Wickersham was an active and popular member of the Electric Railroaders Association and a pipe organ enthusiast, like myself. By coincidence, I was just passing the Milburn station at the exact time (9:34 a.m.) the tragedy occurred.—E. J. Quinby, honorary president of ERA, 30 Blackburn Rd., Summit, N.J. 07901. ●

Waiting at Willard, Ohio, on a cold night, January 5, 1966, is the *Capital Limited,* with observation car 7500, *Napanee,* one of Baltimore & Ohio's four class S-20 buffet lounge cars, each with five bedrooms, built by Pullman in 1950. Eileen Wolford, Barnard-Wolford collection, Rock Rd., R.D. 2, Box 226, Shelby, Ohio 44875

NEWSCAST. Concurrent strikes of East Coast longshoremen and coal miners, Penn Central claims, cost it $4.6 million per week and forced it to lay off thousands of PC employes for the strikes' duration. Other roads and their employes also suffered. It seems that some non-rail unions have been giving rail labor men a hard time. What they are doing to make inflation worse by defying the national wage-price freeze is even more serious.

As a penalty for repeated violations of the safety rule that limits bus drivers to 70 hours on duty in eight consecutive days, ICC suspended for 30 days the charter and special operations of Safeway Trails, Inc This suspension, effective Nov. 16th, cut the bus line's revenues by well over $100,000. Not many railfans feel sad about it.

REA Express, Inc., has filed suit in a Federal court against 58 major railroads, seeking damages of over $150 million. It charges that the defendants, despite interlocking boards of directors, caused REA to issue securities to the railroads on unfavorable terms and without competitive bidding, thus violating the Clayton and Interstate Commerce acts. REA also wants the court to invalidate $27 million in notes held by the railroads.

Union Pacific is battling an army of husky, well-fed rats for dominion over a rail siding at Hinkle, Oregon. The town's chief export is grain. The railroad regularly washes out its freight cars at the site, covering the ground with a nutritious layer of grain. Add to

Santa Fe local train 52 with 4-6-2 engine roars through a wintry landscape west of Chillicothe, Illinois, on January 30, 1942. Sights like this you'll never see again. C. William Jernstrom, 882 Pelham Drive, Fort Wayne, Ind. 46825

that the effluvia from an adjacent cattle feed lot and you get, according to R. E. Haacke, UP district engineer, "a situation that grows rats faster than we can exterminate them."

How would you ship a half-billion marbles from Parkesburg, W. Va., to Corona, California? The Johns-Manville Corp. had that problem recently. First they tried bags, each holding 100 pounds of marbles, and then wood containers, each holding 3,000 pounds, but both methods had disadvantages. Finally they used successfully a giant-sized covered hopper car routed over the B&O, N&W, and Santa Fe.

American railroads now have in use more than 32,000 miles of continuous welded rail, which is more than the total rail mileage of most countries of the world. Welded rail is generally much heavier than the steel it replaces, thus permitting the safer movement of heavier loads and faster trains. It also lowers maintenance cost. Some roads operate their own welding plants where short sections of rail are merged into strands of about 1,500-foot lengths.

A signature of the late "Gus" Grissom, Indiana-born astronaut, and a conductor's cap badge dating from 1848 are among many items pertaining to the former Monon Railroad now being preserved by the Louisville & Nashville, into which the Hoosier short line was recently merged. L&N aims to preserve much of Monon's history. The former short line has been renamed the Monon Division and is headquartered at Lafayette, Ind. The Monon was chartered in 1847 as the New Albany & Salem and was completed to Lake Michigan in 1854.

Missouri Pacific recently bought 2,500 new freight cars, 50 new locos, and 30 new cabooses for $64 million as part of its 1972 capital improvement program.

Penn Central is testing a prototype flatcar for transporting highway trailers which could result in savings of about $750,000 a year through the redesign of equipment now idle, elimination of vandalism losses, and a reduction in rental payments for flatcars.

Buffalo Creek & Gauley Railroad, which closed down in Dec. '63, using steam power right up to the end, has resumed operation in Clay County, Va. This 18-mile line belonged to Elk River Coal & Lumber Co. until 1959, when the Clinchfield Coal Co. bought it. The Elk River Co. didn't feel it could function profitably after its mines had been unionized in 1955. Clinchfield also came to this conclusion in 1963 and closed down the whole operation. A 2-8-0 steam loco, a railbus, a steam wrecking crane, and other equipment remains at Dundon in fairly good condition. So do the shops, sandhouse, and water tank. Recently, Monarch Coal Co. leased the coal lands around Widen, built a small tipple, and began strip-mining there. The first trainload of coal since 1963 went out last July 23rd.—Guy Cuthbert, 2803 Hart St., Charleston, W. Va. 25304.

Milwaukee Road employes are still chuckling over the message received by the crew of train No. 63 recently out of Mason City, Iowa. It said: "Gas company has break in pipeline four poles west of milepost 219, about one mile west of Spencer mileboard. Do all you can to avoid sparks off your engines in this area. Break is north of main track. No danger except for threat of explosion from sparks." (The key word is "except.") ●

AIR POLLUTION is a fearful price paid by Americans for having deserted electrified rail transit and taken to the bus and private automobile. "On Los Angeles' crowded freeways, in its tunnels, and during traffic jams," writes Ira J. Wins in *Natural History* magazine, "all the limits for polluted air are exceeded, possibly, by as much as 50 times!" San Franciscans have more sense. The BART system they're building means cleaner air. They know it's not fun to die slowly from lung diseases due to breathing gasoline fumes. But don't point the finger at Los Angeles alone. Millions of people all over the country willingly suffer from self-created smog. For this and other reasons we recommend the new book of 31 large mimeographed pages, *Boycott, the People's Answer to the Auto Industry,* obtainable at $1 a copy from the author, Darrell E. Hefte, Box 10803, St. Petersburg, Fla.

The City of New York, in papers recently filed with the ICC in opposition to an examiner's report recommending abandonment of Brooklyn's 1.8-mile Bush Terminal RR., stated that if the 375 shippers and consignees who use the BT to move 13,500 carloads of freight per year were compelled to use trucks instead, the result would be 100,000 tons of pollutants added to the city's already polluted air! The city held that the ICC must consider pollution effects in rendering decisions.

But locomotives with diesel fumes also endanger health. The following warning was prepared by Joseph Smilie, agricultural engineering specialist of the Louisiana State University's

cooperative extension service in response to a request by Robert Miller, local chairman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers, Div. 755, De-Quincy, La.:

The fumes of diesel engines present a health hazard. Most 10-year-old children are taught that carbon monoxide emitted from gasoline engines will cause death. Very few youngsters, however, are taught the health hazard involved with diesel exhaust. It is true that diesel engines emit very little, if any, carbon monoxide. From this point, they present no health hazards.

The U.S. Bureau of Mines reports that the diesel engine, under full load, puts out almost 1,000 parts per million of oxides of nitrogen in its exhaust. This nitric oxide in diesel exhaust is oxidized by air into anhydride which forms nitric acid in the lung. This acid destroys tissue and neutralizes the alkalinity of the blood. While death from carbon monoxide can be pinpointed, death from nitric oxides cannot. The fumes of nitrogen oxides are extremely dangerous because of their insidious character. The bad feature of this type of poisoning is that little warning is given to the worker. The oxides of nitrogen fail to set up defense respiratory reflexes. They are called insidious because they injure the lung by destroying the tissue without causing pain.

According to the American Council of Governmental Industrial Hygienists, oxides of nitrogen are 20 times more dangerous than carbon monoxide. They allow but 5 parts per million as the acceptable maximum content.

The trick, then, from a health standpoint, is to avoid high concentrations of diesel exhaust fumes. Farmers and others using diesel tractors or other diesel engines are cautioned to avoid using such equipment in closed areas or in applications where they would directly breathe diesel exhaust fumes. Prolonged breathing of these fumes may result in respiratory diseases such as chronic bronchitis, asthma and emphysema. ●

GIRL PICTURES make your magazine look cheap. Cancel my subscription and refund the value of the remaining portion. I hope your Subscription Dept. laughs as much as Dave Schmidt will.—P. Andretta, 1480 Pelham Parkway, N.Y. 10461.

(*Ed note*: Miss or Mr. Andretta refers to Dave's item in our November *Mail Car*: "Rail-girl pictures add class to your magazine. The guys who dislike them should write in more often; we all need a laugh." This is only the second cancellation in the past two years that is traceable to our use of female pix. But our circulation is rising. Compare the official figures on page 66 with those for 1970 that we published a year ago.)

Keep up the girl-train views—what a wonderful combination!—Paul C. Nelson, Box 380, Luther College, Decorah, Iowa 52101.

Train-watcher Mala Vaughn sees the Seaboard Coast Line's *City of Miami*, with a former Illinois Central dome car second from the rear, roll throcgh Okeechebee, Florida.
Photograph by William T. Morgan

When the *Long Island Metro Lines* recently published a photo of Kathleen Daly, the LIRR's only policewoman, aiming a sawed-off shotgun, it purposely didn't show her face. A lady cop can work more efficiently if criminals don't recognize her.

Five women are now soliciting freight or taking sales training on the Illinois Central: Liz Sargent of Cleveland, Lenora Cummings of Memphis, Joy Yowell of Dallas, Jackie Bolterman of South Bend, and Lorena Milka of Miami. No other Class 1 road that we know of has even one freight saleslady on its payroll.

So far, I have found only one railfan of my acquaintance or through correspondence who likes rail-girl photos and another person who can tolerate them if they aren't badly posed. You usually print more comments in favor of those pictures than against them. I get the feeling that you print most of the comments you get favoring them but maybe only one out of 20 that disapprove.—Ed Fulcomer, P.O. Box 1004, Canon City, Colo. 81212.

Haven't received any nasty letters of late. A considerable number of individuals recently made it clear to me that they appreciate the mingling of feminine beauty with subjects of railroad interest. I can't see why railfanettes should be barred from your magazine so long as they contribute to—rather than detract from—the railroad scene. —Virgil C. Staff, 1700 Sonoma Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94707. ●

Readers who are allergic to rail-girl pix can skip this shot of an English tram with a blonde woman driver en route from Fleetwood to Starr Gate (Blackpool).
Photographed Aug. 23, 1971, by Raymond E. Ruffell, 2 Victoria Villas, Little Sandhurst, near Camberley, Surrey, England

PHOTO of Broad Street Station, Philadelphia, in your October issue recalls the time I ran around there half naked. Here is the story: As a U.S. infantryman, I got injured in fighting on the German front in 1945 and was shipped back to the States in an Army hospital ship which docked one night at Charleston, S.C. We patients were transferred to Pullman sleepers and hospital cars, and I fell asleep as the train pulled out.

When I awoke next morning, our train was not moving. I raised the shade, peered out, and recognized old Broad Street Station. My car had been cut off and stood alone. I lived in Norristown, Pa., only about 20 miles away, and hadn't heard from my family in a long time. So I did the natural thing. Although I had nothing on but GI hospital pajama pants, a cast on one arm, and a shipping tag hung around my neck, I left the car and ran down the station platform, under the trainshed, to find a phone booth.

It was around 7:30. Commuters crowding the station stared at me, but I didn't care. When I reached a public phone I suddenly realized I hadn't any money. Running back through a lot of people, I woke up the Army officer in charge of my car and "borrowed" a couple of nickels from him. Then I zigzagged my way through the crowd again, made the call, overjoyed to talk with my folks, and returned to the Pullman. Later, the car was coupled onto a train bound for Atlantic City, where I recuperated.—Julian W. Barnard, Jr., Rock Rd., Rte. 2, Box 226, Shelby, Ohio 44875. ●

OVERSEAS. British Rail no longer uses lineside nets. On Oct. 4, 1971, a post office train dropped a mailbag for the last time into a net, this one being north of Penrith, thus ending a century-old method. I remember when we had 240 such nets. They have gradually declined to zero since 1962. I get my mail from all over the globe. Can't find the time to answer the shoals of letters that come pouring in. I do my best, of course. I have to thank *Railroad Magazine* for many pen friends. My first valued friendship started in 1944.—John Drayton, retired loco driver, 13 Sycamore Rd., Griffithstown, Pontypool, Mon., Great Britain NP4 5AL.

"Man's best friend" is now recognized by the *Bundesbahn* (German Federal Railways), which offers reduced fares to all dogs whose owners accompany them on rail trips.

I subscribe to six rail magazines, including yours; prefer steam power, take color slides of engines and trains, draw pictures, and collect photos of train wrecks. My father, now 90, was a railroad brakeman. I am 56; cannot read or write English without a dictionary.—Tore Agren, Lars Vivallius, vag 45, Orebro, Sweden.

We can now buy *Railroad* in Sydney, Australia. It seems to be getting better all the time. I just love to read your in-depth articles and soak up the railroadiana of your whole magazine.—Alan M. Arnold, 20 Polding St., Drummoyne, New South Wales 2047, Australia.

The sweet, strong smell of burning marijuana hung over the railroad station at Kinkelbox, South Africa, after police burned 41 bags of it in the firebox of a steam locomotive. Police said it would have taken all day to burn the marijuana by conventional methods. They asked the railway for help and it was burned in half an hour. The drug was confiscated from an African named Talbot Nokusi Guana, who was sentenced to 4½ years and fined $1,430.

Your magazine is always interesting. I like your human approach to railroading, but would welcome more stories of the steam age and perhaps a larger *Trackside in the Diesel Age*. I am corresponding with several friends I made via the *Switch List*. Your female pictures are OK. Here is one showing a young woman operator on a Blackpool tram.—Raymond E. Ruffell, ex-fireman and guard (conductor), 2 Victoria Village, near Surrey, England.

This spring, Japanese National Railways will begin test runs of a 3-car gas-turbine train on a 42-inch-gauge line.

Thanks for publishing Virgil Staff's picture of Melody Meister (Feb. '71). It's a perfect portrayal of the beauty and dignity of womanhood, with no disagreeable suggestiveness—a rebuke to those readers who say women and trains do not mix. In Eastern England, pretty train hostesses have boosted receipts on lines threatened with extinction.—Joseph Fox, 4 Heathfield, Holden Ave., North Finchley, London, N. 12, SHY, England.

Last Nov. 26th two British organizations, The Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants and The National Union of Railwaymen jointly celebrated their centenary. To mark the occasion, they issued a multi-colored philatelic cover, an envelope picturing a loco of the 1870's and a modern passenger train, similarly postmarked. U.S. and Canadian price is 80 cents, payable to Arlington Supplies, Ltd., 260 Green Lanes, Palmers Green, N. 13, London, England. For each order a donation is made to NRU Orphanage.

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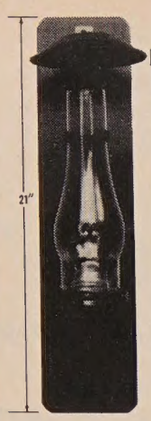

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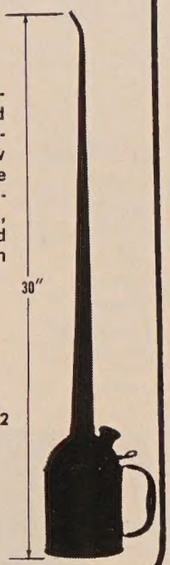

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Passenger trains still are very much alive in France, and so are those luxurious private railway cars seen today mostly in old Western movies. Compagnie des Wagons-Lits recently rented one to a rich woman from Versailles described only as Mrs. Fisher, 72, who suffers from arthritis. It cost her $900 for the 450-mile trip from Paris to Nice. But the price included a crystal and rare-wood decorated living room, dining room, two massive bedrooms, a four-bedroom for servants, and a kitchen. ●

BURLINGTON NORTHERN consists of five rail lines, three trucking companies, two pipe lines, a telephone company, an aircraft corporation, a lumber company, and three major sawmills. It owns 2.3 million acres of land in 11 states and Canada, plus mineral rights on an additional 6 million acres. It pumps 8,000 barrels of oil a day, cuts lumber at the rate of 300 million feet a year, and plants 2.5 million new trees a year. Furthermore, it is in the land development business. In a joint venture with Boise Cascade, it is selling real estate lots along a 50-mile lake front outside Spokane. One site it owns is being considered for the construction of a new stadium in Seattle. Among the 45,000 employes on the BN payroll are a dozen geologists and 40 foresters. Board chairman of this giant system is Louis W. Menk, whose father was a brakeman. He travels an estimated 200,000 miles a year, with two executive jets and a private railroad car, or "office car," at his disposal. In view of the above information, you may well ask, "What is a modern railroad?" ●

HOW to go broke in two easy lessons—buy a railroad and then let the government run it for you.

The latest issue of *Handling & Shipping* points out that only two nations on earth can boast of railroads operating in the black. These systems are run by businessmen, not bureaucrats.

The United States is the world leader in number of railroads, and collectively they make money—more than $500 million a year. Canada is the only other country able to point to a profitable system.

Even the Canadian record is blemished. Of its two railways the only one —the privately-owned Canadian Pacific—is profitable. It makes about $21 million a year while the Canadian National, which is government-owned, is drenched in red ink to the tune of $16 million a year.

The biggest loser in socialized rail systems is in France; it loses more than $900 million a year on revenues of $2.25 billion. Labor costs in France total 86.4 percent of operating revenue, although the average French employe earns only $5,926 a year compared to the $9,871 paid his United States counterpart.

Even more astonishing, says *H&S,* is the case of the Italian railroads. In Italy, labor costs stand at 111 percent. In other words, the total payroll gobbles up the entire operating revenue and 11 percent more that the railroad hasn't earned!

Japan, which loses $376 million a year on its railroad operation, has 466,-351 employes—just 124,000 less than the United States. Stated another way, Japan has 36 employes per mile of track, the U.S. only 28.

In the United States there are 208,-648 rail-route miles while Italy has only 10,160 and Japan 12,941. The nationalized railroads present a strange paradox: Strangling labor costs, yet comparatively low wages; small areas to serve, yet unusually large numbers of persons hired to serve them, and all the while they chug deeper and deeper into debt!—Tommy Thompson in *Houston Chronicle.* ●

OLDTIMERS. The merger many years ago of the Gulf, Mobile & Northern, the Mobile & Ohio, and the Alton gave the present Gulf, Mobile & Ohio many private cars. The best of them are now kept at Gulf Terminal in Mobile, Ala., for use once or twice a year on a directors' special to St. Louis and back. I would have very little interest in either *Railroad* or *Trains* if it didn't devote some space to pictures and text matter about the old steam engines, the old trolley cars, and the kinds of trains that Lucius Beebe loved and wrote about. I have kept most of the back numbers of both magazines for the past 25 years, to review on rainy days and sleepless nights. —Emory H. Swetman (GM&O engineer), 1508 4th Ave., Laurel, Miss. 39440.

I would like to know where railroads would be without the working man. I'm sick and tired of hearing and reading that unions are greedy and unreasonable. Do people think railroading is fun? A job on the railroad is underpaid. And don't tell me to go work someplace else. I'm too old for that.

Now they give the passenger business to Uncle Sam and take away our passes. I used to be proud of my pass at least. Now I can't wait to retire before my health goes. I'll bet most employes of Burlington Northern can't wait either.—P. Nelson, Seattle Region of Burlington Northern.

What were the engine numbers of the diesels involved in a *North Coast Limited* wreck about 9 years ago, when the train ran off a curve near Athol, Idaho, and the engines plunged into a lake? What were the diesel numbers in another

wreck of that train about three months later in western Montana, in which a girl was killed?—Bill Kuebler, 408 Egbert Court, Fargo, N.D. 58102.

Add to our list of railfans for 50 years or more the name of Walter F. Schaffner, 4612 Quincy St., St. Louis, Mo. 63116. He says that in 1917 he took his first engine picture, of B&O No. 2765, at Breese, Illinois, and has been a railroad buff ever since. During World War II he was a locomotive engineer with the 718th Railway Operating Battalion in Europe. Walter has a large collection of engine photos, some of which our magazine has published. He is now working part time as a guide at the National Museum of Transport in St. Louis. ●

MY FATHER was a Tennessee Central section boss at the village of Creston, Tenn., where I was born in 1927. As a small boy I often went to work with him in summertime, played in the shade while the gandy dancers were tamping ties, and at noon helped him and his four men to eat the big lunch that mother had packed for all of us. At the close of the long day's work I'd ride home on Dad's old Fairbanks-Morse rail motor car.

Every Saturday morning my father would go over the ten-mile section between Pomona Roads and Dorton with his laborers. Just before starting, he'd say on the phone: "This is Dixon. Give me a line-up on trains," and the dispatcher would tell him about trains due on that section. When we got to the toolhouse, we usually found Jim Ward or Elmer Hood waiting. We'd put the motor on the single-track rails and away we went. If a train was close to us, we'd go to Crossville and take siding for it. Engine 702, 704, or 727 would flash by with Everett Smith or Bob Dunn at the throttle. I looked up to both of them as kings. After reaching Dorton we'd "smoke" back, which means listening for trains and watching for smoke plumes on the horizon while we were traveling.

Sometimes a heavy downfall of rain would make the dirt road impassible. A villager needing a doctor in the middle of night might come to our house and holler to get my father out of bed. Dad would make two phone calls: one to the dispatcher for a train line-up and the other to the doctor to say that the motor was on its way to pick him up. Then Dad would walk to the homes of three gandy dancers, wake them up, and go down to the toolhouse and help them put the motor on the rails. After the doctor had finished with the patient, Dad took him back, and finally returned home himself, deprived of a full night's sleep. That was a sidelight on railroading long ago. Nowadays, just try to get a section foreman to play the role of good Samaritan or a doctor to make a home visit, especially late at night!

Also in the rainy seasons, water might flood the track. There was no way of getting trains through except for gandy dancers to ride on the engine's pilot-bar and push aside floating obstacles such as logs, hen houses, crates, and so on. If the flood was real bad, a passenger train might be marooned in our village until it subsided. Meanwhile, local housewives fed the passengers and crew.

My aunt, Mary Ann Spencer, was the Creston station agent. I often carried the mail between the depot and the village postoffice.

Such was the Tennessee Central. But about three years ago, with four diesel units on the head end and a black wreath on the pilot, the last TC freight rolled off into the sunset. The road's passenger service had already been dropped. Finally, the TC itself, the road of personal service, was no more, its trackage being divided between the Southern and the Louisville & Nashville. Life will never be the same again. —Bob Dixon, 523 N. McElroy Rd., Mansfield, Ohio 44905. ●

LIKE the crew room, the sandhouse, the smoking car, and the open-vestibuled day coach, the depot waiting-room was a place for discussing railroad problems, women, business, and law, and raising arguments that rarely were settled. I remember that in the old days when I worked as Canadian National agent-telegrapher at Touchwood, Sask., the hard benches in our little frame station were warmed by Hungarian farmers, halfbreed Indians, railroad men, and cowboys.

You should have heard the tall wild tales that these fellows tried to palm off as Gospel truth. I got a kick out of listening to them.

At Hunt, Ont., another place where I pounded brass, the lumberjacks, trappers, and prospectors sat or laid around the dusty waiting-room until train time or until a team came along to take them out to the camps. One of those men, Bett Beaton, gave me a job in his rail-tie camp at Elephant Lake when the CNR laid me off and I needed employment.

On another occasion I worked in the Western Pacific station at Dunphy, Nevada, which was infested with sheepherders, cowpunchers, boomer rails, and hobos. That was the year Mary Blackwing, an Indian beauty, won the title "Miss Nevada" in a state-wide beauty pageant. At Dunphy the round-bellied coal stove, the Seth Thomas wall clock, and the empty tobacco can stuck in the Morse relay box gave the ancient building local color and a sense of adventure. There, too, news came in by wire and went out over the

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countryside, before the days of radio.

During a Gene Tunney fight in New York, a wireless telegrapher used one of the first radios ever seen in the Dunphy area to relay the news. Reception was so poor that he couldn't hear it. So he asked me to sit in, thus making me responsible for the reception. Seated eagerly in and around the depot were plenty of fight fans, like crows on a picket fence. Well, I could hear telegraph instruments rattling over the radio but didn't catch the voices very well. But with so many people waiting for details of the championship bout, I just couldn't let them down and I began to broadcast: Heeney wades in with a vicious right to the mid-section. Gene backs away and ties him up, then turns him halfway around with a left jab. . . ." I ran the fight one round overtime. Later, radio commentator Pat Rogan told the story as far north as Alaska that "Crazy old Gale had the wrong man win."

In bygone days, prize fights and ball games were transcribed by brass pounders who laid their messages, one by one, on a desk where somebody could pick them up and read them to the assembled hangers-on. I recall my father telling me about the world championship fight between "Gentleman Jim" Corbett and Bob Fitzsimmons. Fitz won by a knockout, but the Morse bulletins were far slower than the ringside action. So, even after the fight had ended, the news of its progress continued to dribble in over the wire. Some of the farm boys kept betting on Jim Corbett until Dad finally told them Fitz had won. They damned near wanted to kill him for having kept them in the dark so long.

I remember when the station platform at Banning, Ont., was lined up for news, via the telegraph, of the fight between big Jack Johnson and the tough boilermaker of Reno, Jim Jeffries, in 1910. Lumberjacks in that vicinity were mighty interested in the fisticuffs. Several railroad men were not only fight fans but prizefighters themselves. These things come back to me when I think of the depots where I worked as a boomer long, long ago.—George J. Gale, 2527 Buker St., Olympia, Wash. 98501. ●

BOOMER ODYSSEY. Even as a small boy, engines fascinated me and I knew all the hoggers who ran through my small town in Michigan. One day when I was 16, big for my age, a Grand Trunk Western work train tied up near my home and for 30 exciting days I drew pay as an engine watcher on it. Then I became an engine wiper in a roundhouse. In 1899 and 1900 I fired on the GTW, mostly time freights between Battle Creek, Mich., and Chicago. It was a tough job shoveling 16 tons of coal every night. The following year, at age 19, I was promoted to the right-hand side of the cab. I was lucky; 18 of us took the tests but only two passed. For the first year we got only $3.35 per 100 miles, second-class pay. After that it was $3.75; but the brass collars didn't let us work long for first-class pay—they discharged us about two months later. You stayed home a couple of months and then they rehired you, for another year of second-class pay, thus starting the vicious cycle all over again.

But I didn't return to the GTW. Instead, I got a job running on the Queen & Crescent, working out of Ludlow, Ky., and began to learn the road. Our 95-mile division had 27 tunnels, all of them hot and small. Later, I boomed my way to Houston, Ft. Worth, and San Antonio. The master mechanic on the San Antonio & Aransas Pass was away when I got there, but his clerk said: "If you come back tomorrow morning, I know you'll get a job."

Instead, I strolled over to the passenger station and met a hogger who invited me to ride with him. I did so, got off at Laredo, and walked across the international bridge to Neuvo Laredo in Mexico. No job there, but engineers were needed at Monterrey. Pretty soon I was pulling trains for the Mexican Central between Monterey and Tampico, 326 miles. Later I made several trips on the San Luis Division over Rascon Mountain to Cardinas, the steepest grade I ever ran over.

At midnight of August 14, 1903, I was awakened by a gale. Terrific rain pounded the bunk-house roof. By morning the wind and rain had abated somewhat, so I took a freight train out of town. Everywhere I saw water, debris, and dead animals floating around. Well, we made 70 miles and then went in the hole for a passenger train, which never came. After staying all night on the sidetrack, we proceeded about 20 miles to a washed-out bridge, beyond which stood the passenger train! We waited until the bridge was repaired. Then we went ahead to Victoria, a division point. I was getting pretty sick. Next day we headed north to Monterey. That evening I was called to go further north into the mountains, and I came back feeling fine.

The following night we rolled south again. By the time we reached Victoria I felt weak and feverish. Then on to Tampico. When I got there I was terribly sick. They put me in bed with yellow fever in the La Bara hospital. Two weeks later, when I was well enough to leave, I went back to Michigan, having had enough of Mexico.

Working for the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, I ran between St. Elmo and Thebes on the Mississippi River. The road had gone into receivership and its property was in poor condition. Glass was broken out in most of the windows. Engines, cars, and track were badly in need of repair. Then I accepted an offer made by telegram to run an electric locomotive for a copper company at Mackey, Idaho. Eight months afterward I heard rumors that the line would shut down, and I quit only a week before it actually did so.

One September day in 1904 at 2:30 p.m. I signed up with the Northern Pacific in Spokane, Wash., passed a train rules exam, and left town on a manifest freight. After I'd been about four months on the NP payroll a little slump came. I quit and went home, this time to get a job on the Pere Marquette between Grand Rapids, Mich., and Chicago. Didn't like the PM. Went back to the Northern Pacific.

In 1906, a strike of telegraphers tied up the road. One night four Barnum & Bailey Circus trains passed over our line. B&B was a tremendous show in those days. Had about 100 cars, all their own property, in the four-section train. To save trouble, the dispatchers ran them as sections of train No. 3. I caught the fourth section. The previous section had left town about midnight, and 2½ hours later I was ready to follow them. Mine was a first-class train with no opposing first-class runs. In other words, I owned the road. We made good time, stopping only for water.

All night was foggy. You could hardly see the rails in the headlight's feeble glare. But after we had gone 15 miles from our terminal the fog lifted and a brilliant sun came out. To my horror, I saw the rear end of the third section just in front of me! We were running at a fast clip. I shut off steam, applied the emergency brakes, and let loose a supply of sand onto the rails. Luckily, Barnum & Bailey had kept their rolling stock in good condition to withstand the shock of a sudden stop. My brakes held and our wheels stopped rolling barely a car-length from the caboose! Plenty of men must have been scared that morning. I don't know, even today, what had delayed that third section. Those were rush days when your main thought was to reach the end of your run in time to snatch a few hours' sleep before the callboy with his little black book pounded on your hotel bedroom door. The near-wreck was never reported.

Around that time the Inland Empire Railway laid tracks out of Spokane and induced some of us engineers to work for them at the same wages we'd been getting elsewhere. But after a while business fell off and they cut our pay 10 percent. When traffic picked up again they didn't restore our cut, so a three-man committee interviewed the general manager. It was a stormy session. The angry G.M. fired all three.

Then I met a Canadian hogger who persuaded me to go North with him.

Soon I found myself working on the Canadian Northern out of Fort William. This job ended with the cancellation of insurance on ships in the Great Lakes. Thereupon I went to nearby Port Arthur and hired out to the Canadian Pacific o run between Schreiber and White River. Boomers claimed that White River was the coldest spot in North America. Maybe it was. I believe the temperature dropped to a frigid 60 below and stuck there for about two weeks. It was more than I could take. I returned to Spokane, to work for the GN out of Hillyard for three months. They had bought the Inland Empire and my unsatisfactory reference from that pike led to my being canned.

Next I hired out to the Union Pacific. For about eight months I trundled freight over the main steam out of The Dalles, Ore., until my wife went to a Spokane hospital with typhoid fever and I returned to the NP for the third time so I could be near her. I was happy on the Northern Pacific. They had good engines, a fine roadbed, and friendly people to work with.

But eight months later a slump laid me off for 30 days. Instead of waiting for business to pick up there, I took a job on a small road then under construction. It soon went into operation, with only one experienced engineer on the regular board and some promoted from the construction list. For eight years I ran one of the road's two passenger trains, the longest job I had ever held. The UP owned this road. In later years I pulled a McQueen motor car in winter while continuing to run steam the rest of the time. Never did handle a diesel.

In 1919 my run was ended. I laid off and went to Los Angeles. Liked the big city so much that I quit railroading. Times were prosperous. I worked as a carpenter, foreman, and then construction boss, erecting many buildings in L.A. and Hollywood. When the Depression came I launched my own contracting business and built thousands of homes for sale. Am now 89, retired but still in good health. I continue my railroading through the pages of your magazine.—Ed Edmonds, 7410 Victoria Ave., Yucca Valley, Calif. ●

THE DEPLETION MYTH, by Sherry H. Olson, hard cover, 228 pages, 5½x8½", photos, tables, figures, index, Harvard University Press, $9.00.

Subtitled, "A History of Railroad Use of Timber," this scholarly work points out the amazing amounts of wood used by railroads, chiefly in crossties, and the fears, in the latter part of the last century, that America was soon to run out of timber supplies. Some railroads planted their own trees; most adopted creosoting and other preserving methods. ●

Central of Georgia No. 800 wheels train *Nancy Hanks II* on an exhibition run.
Photographed July 9, 1947, by Walter M. Pharr

Central of Georgia Railway

Motive Power Roster Compiled by Sy Reich

Former Railroad Class	Road Numbers	HP	Builder	Builder's Model	Wheel Arngt	Tract. Effort	Weight	Date	Notes
DS-1	1	600	GM-EMC	SW1	B-B	50,000	203,600	1939	1
DS-1	2-3	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	50,000	199,400	1941	
DS-1	4	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	50,000	198,000	1941	2
DS-1	5	660	Baldwin	VO 660	B-B	53,150	212,600	1940	3
DS-1	6	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	50,000	198,000	1941	7
DS-1	7	600	GM-EMD	SW1	B-B	50,000	199,220	1941	
DS-2	20	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	62,000	247,900	1941	
DS-2	21	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1940	
DS-2	22	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	58,000	232,000	1940	5
DS-2	23-24	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1941	7
DS-2	25	1000	GM-EMD	NW2	B-B	62,000	247,500	1942	
DS-2	26	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	60,000	240,000	1943	3
DS-2	27	1000	Baldwin	VO 1000	B-B	60,000	240,000	1944	3
DS-2	28-30	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1944	7,2
DS-2	31-32	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1945	2
DS-2	33-34	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1946	2
DS-2	35	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1948	2
DS-2	36-37	1000	BW	DS 4-4-1000	B-B	57,725	230,900	1949	3
DF-2	101-105	1500	FM	ALT 200.2A	B-B	61,695	246,780	1949	3
DF-2	106-107	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	61,750	247,000	1950	3
DF-2	108-110	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,250	249,000	1950	6
DF-2	111-119	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,250	249,000	1951	
DF-2	120-123	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	63,438	253,750	1951	
DF-2	124-132	1500	GM-EMD	GP7	B-B	61,750	246,250	1951	
DF-2	133-147	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,472	249,890	1952	
DF-2	148	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	63,752	255,010	1953	
DF-2	149-150	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	63,752	255,010	1953	
DF-2	151-154	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,472	249,890	1953	
DF-2	155-159	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	62,472	249,890	1953	
DF-2	160-165	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	61,350	245,400	1956	8
DF-2	166-170	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	61,350	245,400	1956	8
DF-2	171-178	1800	GM-EMD	GP18	B-B	61,381	245,125	1961	7
DF-3	201	1500	GM-EMD	SD7	C-C	92,100	368,400	1953	4
DF-3	202-207	1750	GM-EMD	SD9	C-C	92,100	368,400	1955	4
DF-3	210-214	2500	GM-EMD	GP35	B-B	63,960	242,000	1963	
----	215-224	2500	GM-EMD	SD35	C-C	93,602	373,310	1965	
DS-3	301-306	1200	GM-EMD	SW9	B-B	61,656	247,824	1952	
DS-3	307-310	1200	GM-EMD	SW9	B-B	61,956	247,824	1953	
DS-3	311-314	1200	BLHW	S-12	B-B	60,000	240,000	1953	3
DS-3	315-318	1200	FM	H12-44	B-B	62,075	248,300	1953	3
DS-1	329	660	Alco-GE	S1	B-B	50,000	198,000	1941	2,7
DS-2	330	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1944	2
DS-2	331-332	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1945	2
DS-2	333-334	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1946	2,7
DS-2	335	1000	Alco-GE	S2	B-B	57,500	230,000	1948	2
DP-1	801-807	2000	GM-EMD	E7A	A1A-A1A	53,553	318,000	1946	7
DP-1	808	2000	GM-EMD	E7A	A1A-A1A	53,553	318,000	1946	7
DP-1	809-810	2000	GM-EMD	E7A	A1A-A1A	53,553	318,000	1948	3,7
DP-1	811-812	2250	GM-EMD	E8A	A1A-A1A	54,257	322,000	1950	7
DF-1	901-904	1500	GM-EMD	F3A	B-B	57,500	230,000	1947	7
DF-1	905-909	1500	GM-EMD	F3A	B-B	57,500	230,000	1948	7
----	2025-2026	1600	Alco-GE	RS-3	B-B	60,500	242,000	1952	9
----	2340-2347	1500	GM-EMD	SW1500	B-B	?	?	1970	
----	3184-3185	3000	GM-EMD	SD40	C-C	?	?	1971	
DF-2	6258-6263	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	61,350	245,400	1956	8
DF-2	6264-6268	1750	GM-EMD	GP9	B-B	61,350	245,400	1956	8

Roster is based on data from Southern's asst. vice pres., Pineville Kraft's manager of traffic and production scheduling, ASM&L's president, and ET&WNC.

As of June 3, 1971, these units were on the CG roster: 2-3, 7, 20-21, 23, 25, 29, 106, 111-159, 171, 173-178, 201-207, 210-224, 301-310, 330-332, 335, 2025-2026, 2340-2347, 3184-3185, 6258-6268.

Locomotive builders: GM-EMC, General Motors-Electro Motive Corp.; GM-EMD, General Motors-Electro Motive Div.; Alco-GE, American Locomotive Co.-General Electric Co.; BW, Baldwin-Westinghouse; FM, Fairbanks-Morse; BLHW, Baldwin-Hamilton-Westinghouse.

(1) 1 sold to the Atlanta, Stone Mountain & Lithonia, renumbered 1 (1/17/57).

(2) 4, 30-35 renumbered 329-335.

(3) These units were scrapped: 5, 26-27, 36-37, 101-105, 107, 311-318, 809.

(4) 201 rebuilt to 1750 hp. SD9. 202-203 rebuilt to 1500 hp.

(5) 22 sold to the Savannah & Atlanta, renumbered 22; scrapped.

(6) 108-109 sold to the East Tennessee & Western North Carolina, renumbered 209-210 (1968). 110 sold to Pineville Kraft, renumbered 110.

(7) These units are no longer on roster: 6, 24, 28, 172, 329, 333-334, 801-808, 810-812, 901-909.

(8) 160-170 renumbered 6258-6268.

(9) 2025-2026 were originally Southern 2025-2026, then CG 2025-2026. ●

PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MONTH

Westbound Canadian Pacific freight, in wintry setting, crossing over high bridge at Parry Sound, Ontario, April 6, 1971.
Elmer Treloar, 101 California Street, Highland Park, Mich. 48803

Ted Wurm, 122 Monte Vista Ave., Oakland, Calif. 94611

Twin steel truss bridges serving to hold roof on covered snowshed located at Norden, Calif. (Donner Summit) on Southern Pacific, July 11, 1971.

Ringling Brothers-Barnum and Bailey Circus still travels by rail. Two well-turned aerialists catch a quick suntan at Hampton, Va. (Phoebus yard) during break May, 1971, when "Greatest Show On Earth" played the Hampton Roads Coliseum.
H. Reid, Box 5444, Parkview Station, Newport News, Va. 23605

Photograph by Elmer Treloar

Under sunny skies of a long ago summer's day comes Canadian National 2-6-0, No. 88 on mixed train M-233. Little Mogul was bound for Caledonia, Ontario, from Hamilton, Ontario, July 25, 1953. No. 88 was often seen on this run.

Flashing light on control board in front of local dispatcher Alfred Popp, Sayville, L.I., will signal a malfunction somewhere on Long Island Rail Road's 119 miles of electrified track. Series of keys in front enables him to immediately shut off or transfer power along any part of the line

Joe Farrington, Metropolitan Transportation Authority

Twin 2SD-35's, Numbers 3060 and 3042 of Southern Railway, hauling 138-car train through Reidsville, N.C. on an autumnal afternoon in October, 1969.

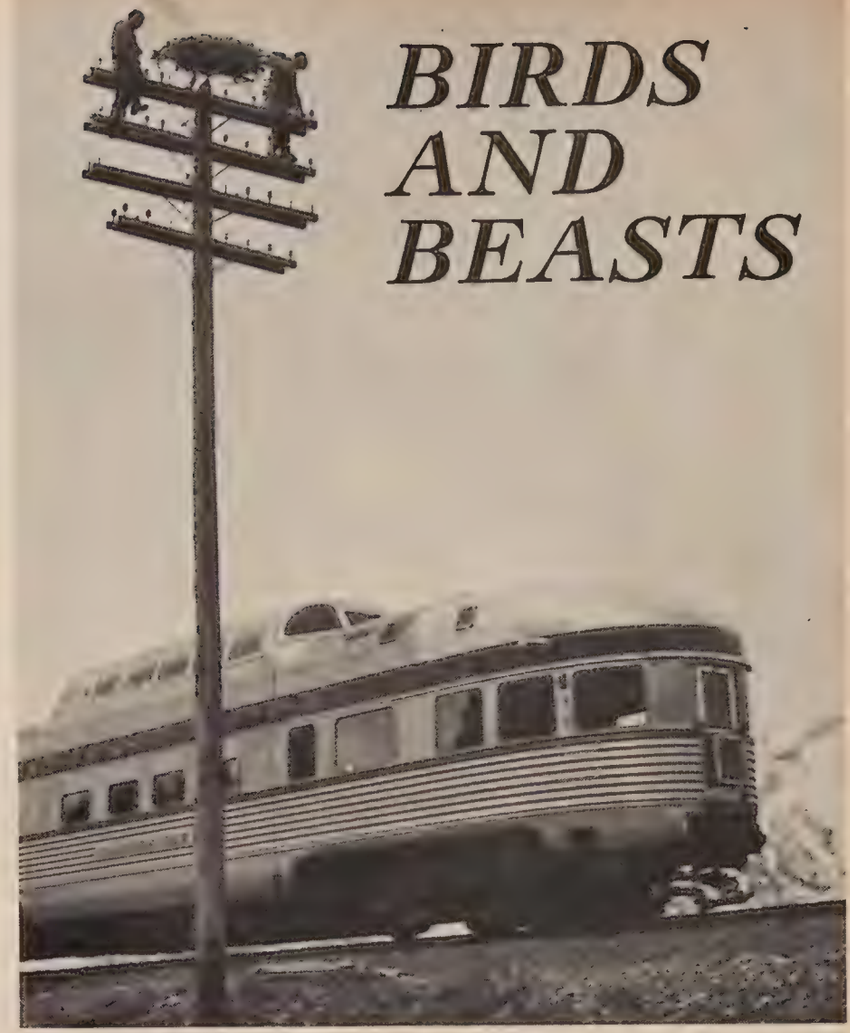
Photo by Curtis C. Tillotson Jr., College Street, Oxford, N.C. 27565

Christmas occurs during Melbourne's summer as the many shirt-sleeved shoppers attest to in this view of Bourke Street. Foy's Santa Claus looks on approvingly. In background can be seen Roman Catholic cathedral and state government buildings. Note the many trolley cars. Heat waves often accompany Santa's visit to Australia while U.S. shivers with cold waves.

Photo by Andrew Ward, Melbourne, Australia, courtesy of Electric Railroaders Association, N.Y.C.

BIRDS AND BEASTS

This squirrel must be a railfan, judging from the interest he shows in the little engine sign near entrance to the photographer's home.
Willis Pott, 100 Larned Rd., Summit, N.J. 07901



Canadian Pacific linemen carefully lift osprey nest from a telegraph pole as *The Canadian* whizzes by.
Canadian Pacific photograph

Photograph by J. Lobrow

Nature's locomotive company produced this mighty 0-4-0 "pachyderm type" switcher on Indian Bengal & Assam Railroad.

Rambling robin "deadheads" on Missouri Pacific freight near Cordes, Ill. Mother bird stays put.
Grover Brinkman, Okawville, Illinois

Gary G. Allen, 215½ E. Palmer Ave., Glendale, Calif. 91205
Narrow-gage speeder and raven (pet or pest?) at Southern Pacific's interchange yard in Owenyo, California.

Edward J. Wojtas, 6502 Parkside Drive, Tinley Park, Illinois 60477

Queenie, Rock Island mascot, won gold medal for sniffing out hotboxes in Trenton, Mo., freight yards. *Sniff awooo!*

East Broad Top 2-8-2 No. 12 basks in the early morning sunlight outside the roundhouse at Orbisonia, Pa., on June 7, 1970.
Photograph by Robert L. Hogan

February 21st, 1971: Santa Fe's No. 1 train, the *San Francisco Chief*, has just arrived at Richmond, California. One of the disembarked passengers, Susan Schmidt, entertains herself with a "slinky."
Virgil C. Staff, P.O. Box 268, Berkeley, Calif. 94701

Penn Central GG-1 stops at a once-beautiful but now shoddy and badly defaced old station.
Percey Booth, 47 Farmcrest Drive, Agincourt, Ont. 755, Canada

Clinchfield's GP-7 No. 911 and GP-38 No. 2000, having finished their switching chores in the yard at Marion, N.C., are now on the main line, running around caboose and cars, to back up and couple for return to Erwin, Tenn., as train No. 19.

Robert E. Abernethy P.O. Box 230 Granite Falls, N.C. 28630

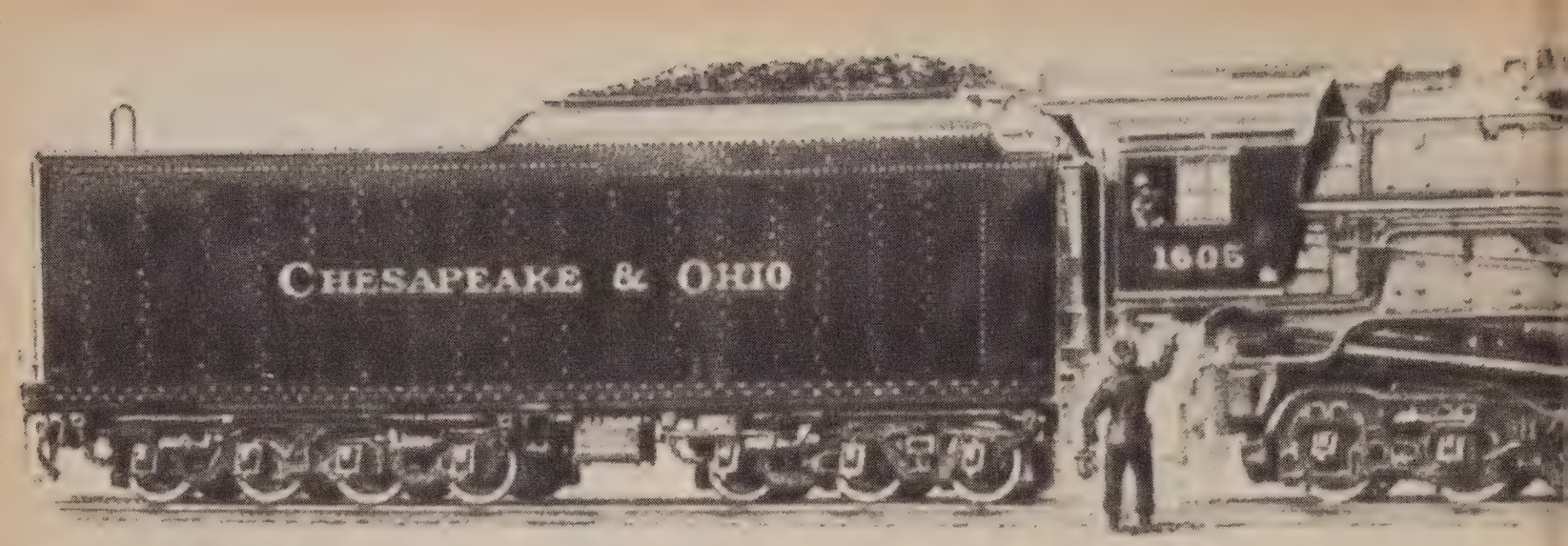
ON THE VALLEY LINE

Valley Railroad's 10,000th passenger, Mrs. Sigmund Kosaryn, New Britain, Conn., alongside husband outside Essex depot on October 16, 1971.

Photos by Howard Pincus 5 Eldridge Place Rye, N.Y. 10580

Valley Railroad Supt. William Zaiser hands last of 400 lbs. of ice to Bob Newman for ex-D&H diner in preparation for charter by a club one night last fall. Gay night on rails!

Valley Railroad 2-6-2 No. 103 pulls the four p.m. train into Essex, Conn., station October 16, 1971. Prairie passes No. 97, 2-8-0, undergoing repairs for possible service this year. Note superheater tubes on ground near scoop.



THE MIGHTY MALLETS

Text and drawings by Henry B. Comstock

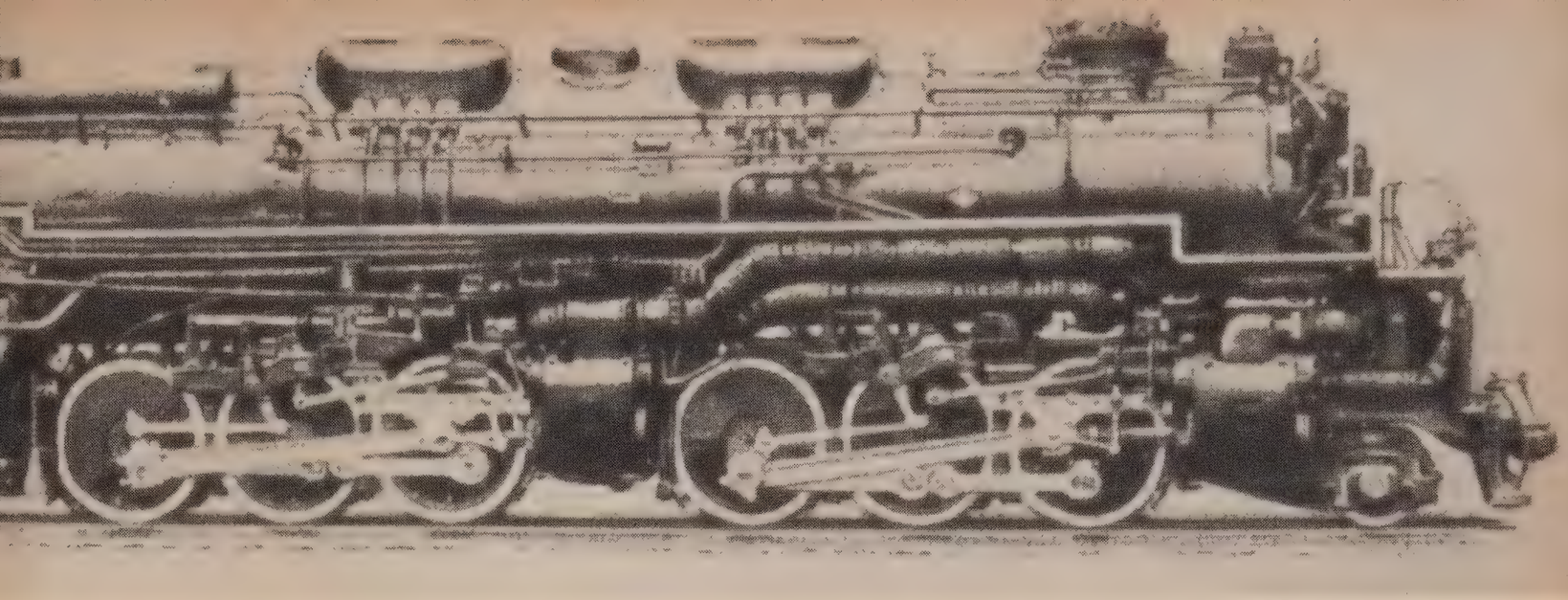
AN ENGINE of unprecendented size and curious design was the object of mingled admiration and skepticism when she was displayed at the St. Louis Exposition of 1904. Rushed to completion by the American Locomotive Company just in time for the fair, the Baltimore & Ohio behemoth stretched 80 feet between couplers and tipped the beam at 240 tons. Watered and fueled, her boiler and firebox assembly alone weighed two-thirds as much as the Pennsylvania's DeGlehn compound.

Twelve 56-inch wheels distributed her weight upon the rails, and for maximum traction all of them were powered. Arranged in a single group, they could not have adjusted themselves to curves, so what amounted to two six-coupled engines, each with her own pair of cylinders, were connected in tandem beneath the barrel. The rear driving unit was bolted firmly to it, but the one ahead carried its share of weight on a transverse bearing plate, and was free to fan from side to side on crooked track.

This was what disturbed the engine's critics. Stressing the obvious fact that at such times the boiler would be out of alignment with the rails up front, they predicted that its mass and momentum would hold the giant on a straight course to disaster.

Few domestic railroaders knew that nearly 400 very much smaller engines of this "Mallet" type were already in service abroad. The design took its name from its inventor, Anatole Mallet, secretary and publications editor of the French Academy of Science. When that scholarly gentleman prepared his first drawings in 1874 he had no thought of setting a pattern for big engines. Rather, he felt that the arrangement would best meet the demands of the many narrow-gauge lines winding through the Pyrenees and Maritime Alps.

Apart from providing flexibility, Mallet's articulated setup invited compounding, and his plans called for the exhausts from the second set of cylinders to be carried forward to the first through pipes and swiveling elbow joints. The worth of the system was



Engines of war. Two days after Pearl Harbor, the first of 60 "Alleghenies" was delivered to the Chesapeake & Ohio. Its six-wheeled trailing truck alone supported a weight equal to that of the New York Central's 999 and tender.

demonstrated when a little 0-6-6-0 built to his specifications by the Creusot Works was tried out on the Bayonne & Biarritz Railway in France. As he had anticipated, whenever one driving unit lost its grip on the rails the flow of steam to the other increased, again balancing the power output. The only thing he overlooked was the reaction of Gascogne crews to a machine that did the work of two. Dedicated to full employment, they lost no time in damaging its parts and reputation.

Some ten years later Mallet collaborated with the Decanville Engineering Works in producing a basically similar small locomotive for the French Army. Intended to draw artillery pieces and ammunition over portable tracks, the tiny 0-2-2-0 created a sensation during simulated war maneuvers outside Paris. Among those witnessing its performance was George L. Fowler, who later revised several editions of Forney's *Catechism of the Locomotive* and who wrote:

It was the first Mallet I ever saw and so small you could almost jump over it. The possibilities of the machine for light work were apparent in an instant. While I watched it, the engine was hauling a heavy cannon over a roadway that was being laid but a few minutes ahead of it. This was uneven country, and for the benefit of the test, soldiers were building bridges and laying track from material which had been torn up behind the locomotive as it passed. There were, altogether, only a few hundred yards of track, but it was laid so rapidly that the Mallet moved faster than I would walk. It was extremely unsteady, and the locomotive swayed back and forth, but either the forward or rear wheels always kept going.

The publicity given the trials led to substantial orders for narrow-gauge Mallets, and at the turn of the twentieth century they were battling grades in Switzerland and Russia as well as France. By then Anatole Mallet was calling attention to the fact that conventional standard- and broad-gauge locomotives could not be made much larger without extensive improvements to existing trackwork, and he urged the adoption of his articulated design as a less costly alternative.

The proposal was ignored until 1903, when a new Baltimore & Ohio president, Leonor F. Loree, took a hard look at the number of 2-8-0's assigned to pusher service in the Alleghenies beyond Cumberland, Maryland. As much at home in a locomotive cab as in an administrative office, Loree recalled some hours he had spent on the seatbox of a Fairlie double-ender in Mexico, and it occurred to him that dual-drive engines might be used to good advantage in the mountains.

Loree, a demanding boss, had insisted that the road's general manager, Clifford S. Simms, buy a house directly opposite his own in suburban Baltimore so that the two could discuss business while walking to work together.

On one of the extensions of the normal working day, Loree asked abruptly: "What do you know about Mallets?"

At a loss for an answer, Simms could only assure him that all available data would be on his desk the following morning.

Loree was impressed by the strong case the Frenchman made for engines twice as powerful as any yet produced, and at his request the B&O's chief mechanical officer, James Muhlfeld, undertook the formidable task of designing engine number 2400—the controversial 0-6-6-0 exhibited at St. Louis.

The mighty Mallet silenced her critics when, after the Exposition, she was deadheaded to Connellsville, Pennsylvania, and tested on the line's 15-mile Sand Patch grade. Routinely, two heavy Consolidation engines hoisted 2,000-ton trains to the summit, but the 2400 performed the same chore unassisted, while burning a third less coal.

Muhlfeld's attention to details had produced a phenomenon—an experimental locomotive without faults. Clusters of springs applied to the load-bearing plate below the boiler held the first driving unit in firm alignment on straightaways and dampened lateral thrusts as the engine entered curves. Inadequate clearances prevented the use of inside valve gear, so Muhlfeld employed two sets of the external Walschaert type.

To control them simultaneously and without effort, he provided an ingenious arrangement of levers connected to a

double-acting piston housed in a small cylinder. Compressed air, directed against one face of the plunger or the other by adjusting a hand lever, lowered or raised the cumbersome radius rods and held them securely in the desired positions. An equally original device, called an "intercepting valve," delivered high-pressure steam to all of the cylinders at starting.

Then, as the need for tractive effort decreased, its passages were realigned for compound operation. Without the mechanism, Muhlfeld believed that engineers would be tempted to pour on full power at all times; and as large as the boiler was, this would have overtaxed its capacity.

Not surprisingly, the men who tooled the 2400 up and down the big hill found her number too colorless for so personable a machine, and within months they gave her a name borrowed from that of a fabulously strong cartoon-strip mule. She became *Old Maud,* and retained the moniker until she was scrapped in 1938, long after the cartoon feature was forgotten.

ODDLY, the Baldwin Works stole a march on *Old Maud's* maker, the American Locomotive Company, by being the first to profit from a lesson learned on the Sand Patch grade. Muhlfeld's object had been to produce a superior pusher engine, hence the absence of leading and trailing wheels. Nevertheless, the 2400 had clearly demonstrated the potential of articulated compound locomotives for sustained running with heavy trains; and in 1906 and 1907 Baldwin produced thirty 2-6-6-2's for the Great Northern Railway. Five were used as helpers, but the design of the others was modified for head-end service between Spokane and Leavenworth, Washington.

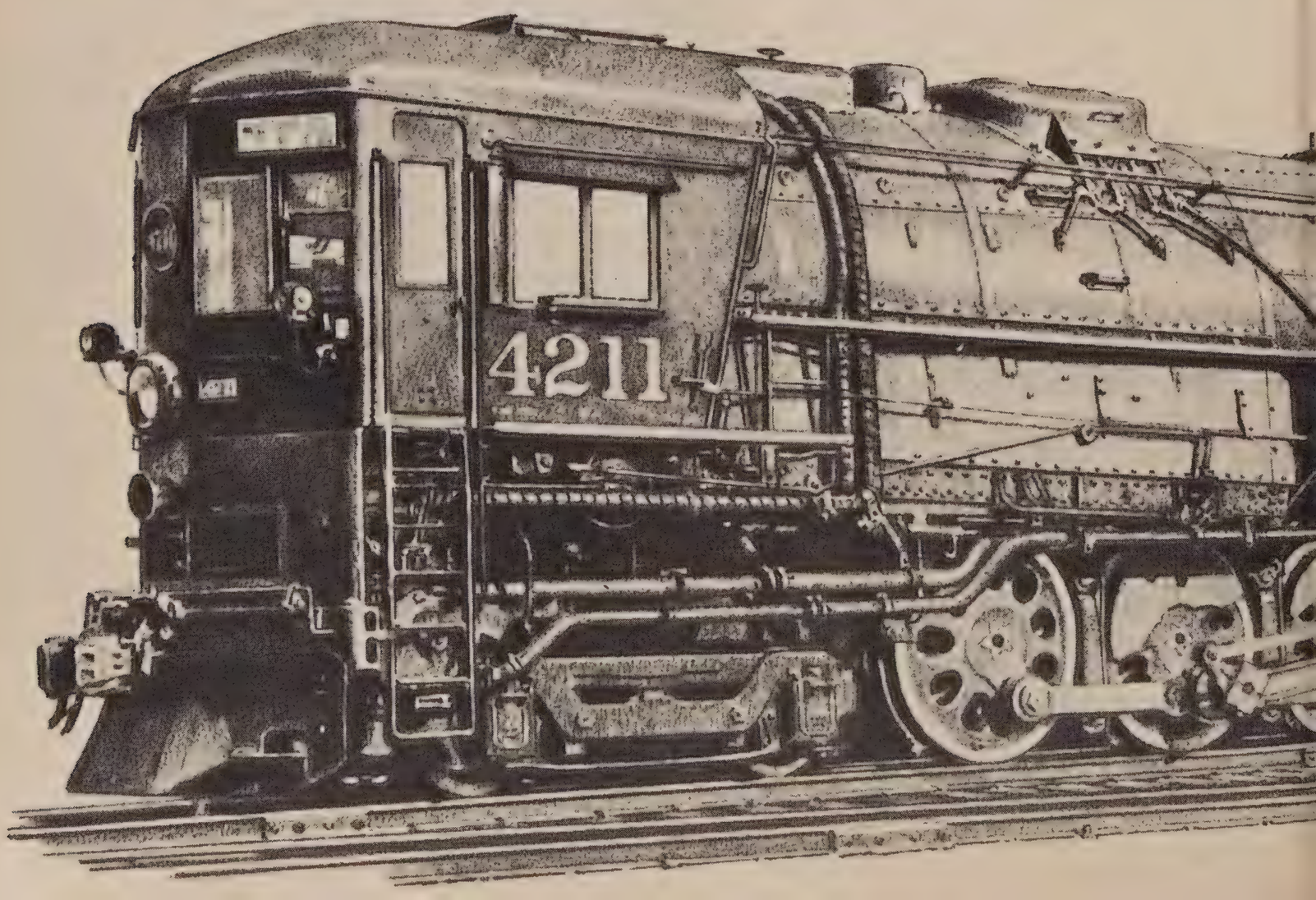
Alco countered by delivering to the Erie three of the biggest "Mother Hubbards" ever built. They were 0-8-8-0's weighing 38 more tons than *Old Maud.*

To generate the gases directly into their two miles of boiler flues and tubes they were given an unprecedented 100 square feet of grate area. The rule-of-thumb formula determining the coal consumption of a locomotive working under load was 1½ pounds per square foot per minute. Thus the engines had a maximum combustion rate of 4.5 tons per hour, or twice what a competent fireman could handle.

Of seeming necessity, then, two shovel artists were assigned to each of the big pushers when they began nuzzling trains up an eight-mile grade from a division point at Susquehanna, Pennsylvania, to Gulf Summit, New York. What had not been anticipated was the extraordinary efficiency of the stoking teams. They soon found that while drifting back to the terminal after an ascent there was time for a single man to spread enough fuel for the next short climb. Thereafter they split up the runs, one fireman working the hill while the other fortified himself for his turn at the scoop in a trackside saloon. An observing management quickly dropped the extra hands.

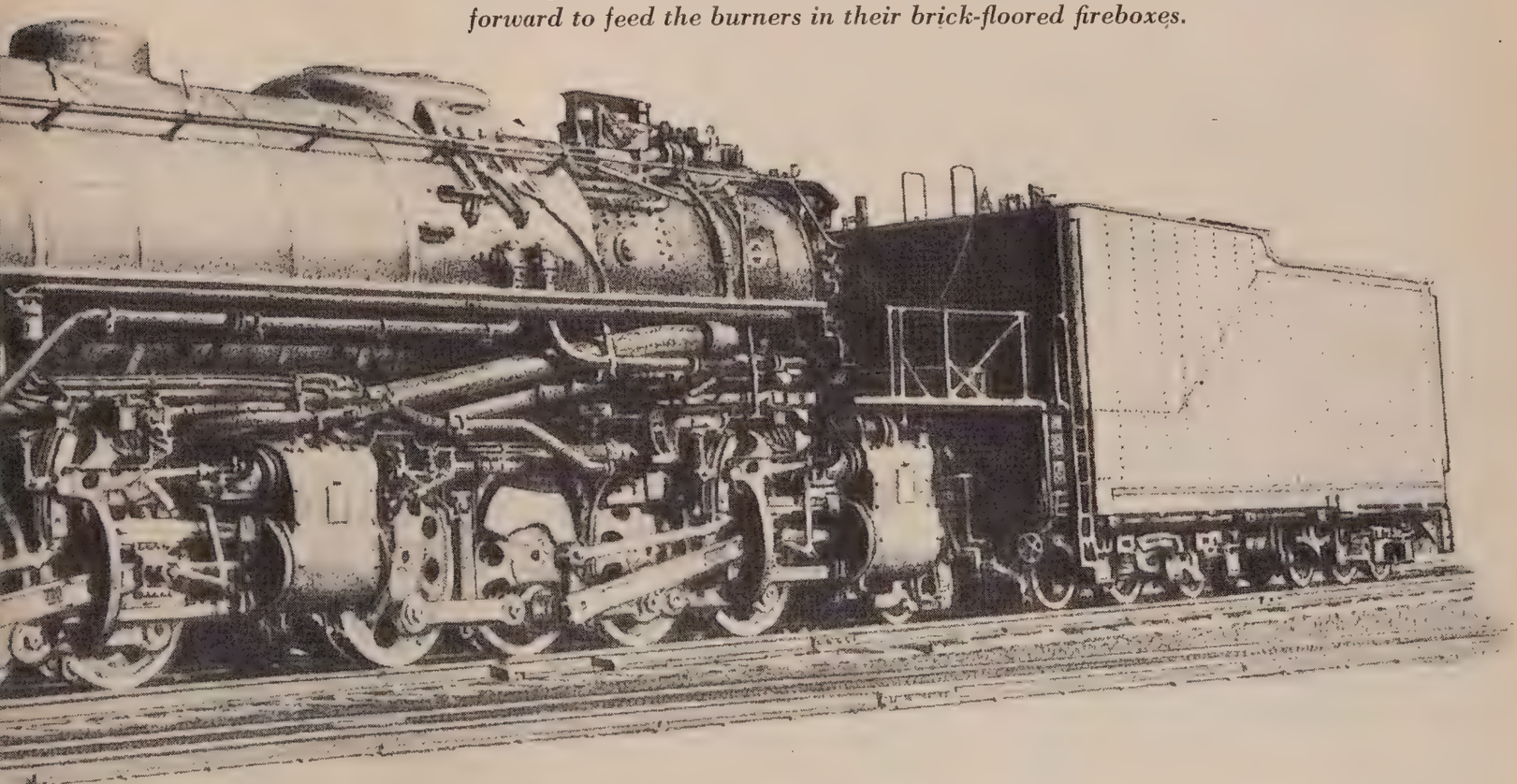
Lines using locomotives with more than 50 square feet of grate area in regular road service were less fortunate. There, the only alternative to double stoking was some form of mechanical conveyer. Such devices were not new. James Millholland had applied one to a Philadelphia & Reading engine as early as 1850. It was described by the contemporary New York *Post* as

an endless chain of bars forming the bottom of the furnace, on which live coal blazes. The chain moves very



Pride in company engines was never more justified than in the case of the Norfolk & Western Railway, whose Roanoke, Virginia, shops produced latter-day locomotives of three superbly engineered designs: 4-8-4s for heavy passenger service, high-wheeled simple-articulated 2-8-8-4s for hotshot freights, and 2-8-8-2 Mallets to work coal drags over the southern Appalachians. Taking builder's photographs was more than a routine matter when the first engine of a new series left the railroad's 84-acre plant.

Back-pedaling behemoths. The Southern Pacific's 4211 *and 69 sister engines completed after 1940 weighed more than 500 tons with loaded tenders, and exerted a starting tractive effort of 124,300 pounds. Preheated crude oil was pumped 50 feet forward to feed the burners in their brick-floored fireboxes.*



slowly, not more than one inch a minute. At the end of the firebox it reverses itself and goes back underneath. The coal is laid in a hopper and the supply is regulated by a sluice slide.

Obviously, at that date Millholland's purpose was not to feed a huge furnace. Rather, he wanted to insure a clean exhaust by providing an even rate of combustion. He succeeded, but only at the expense of flexible locomotive performance. Additional nineteenth-century mechanical stokers included one that pulverized coal and blew it through a firebox door, and another whose rotating blades paddled bituminous haphazardly over a fire. All were failures.

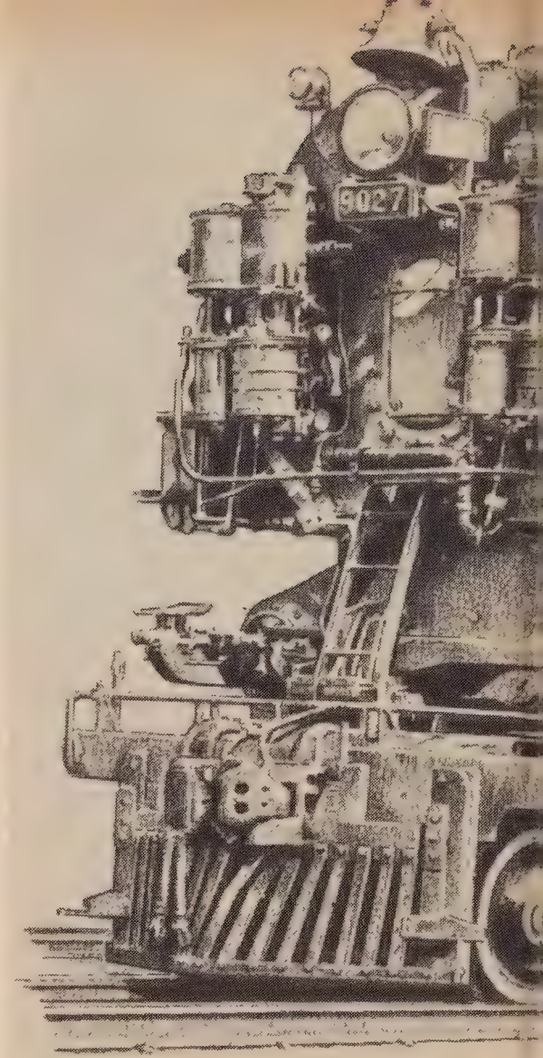
The first step in the right direction came when inventors applied Archimedes' screws to conveyers. Placed in troughs and pipes and driven by small steam motors, these auger-like spirals of tough steel advanced coal from a tender and either forced it upward through a locomotive's grates or dropped it onto them from above. By 1910 stokers of both types worked well enough to replace the extra firemen on big engines.

Although larger furnaces sent greater volumes of gases through the tubes of engine boilers, gas temperatures remained the same. In effect, the larger furnaces produced more—but not hotter—heat. This posed a problem, for it had already been found that the emissions lost their steam generating heat some 22 feet ahead of a fire. Thus there was no point in extending a Mallet's water-filled "closed" boiler section to the distant smokebox. Instead, a dry "open" cavity was placed between the two.

There, after leaving the flues and tubes, the gases passed through the pipes of three auxiliary heaters. In one, the temperature of the steam on its way from the throttle valve to the rear driving unit was raised approximately 200 degrees. This did not increase its pressure, but in the terminology of the trade it was converted from "saturated" to "superheated" steam, which had greater volume and fluidity.

Given these characteristics, it produced more work in relation to the fuel consumed and created less back pressure. In addition, condensation losses were materially reduced. Another bundle of pipes reheated the steam fed to the forward cylinders, and a third brought the cold water flowing from the tender nearly to the boiling point before it was pumped into the barrel's closed section..

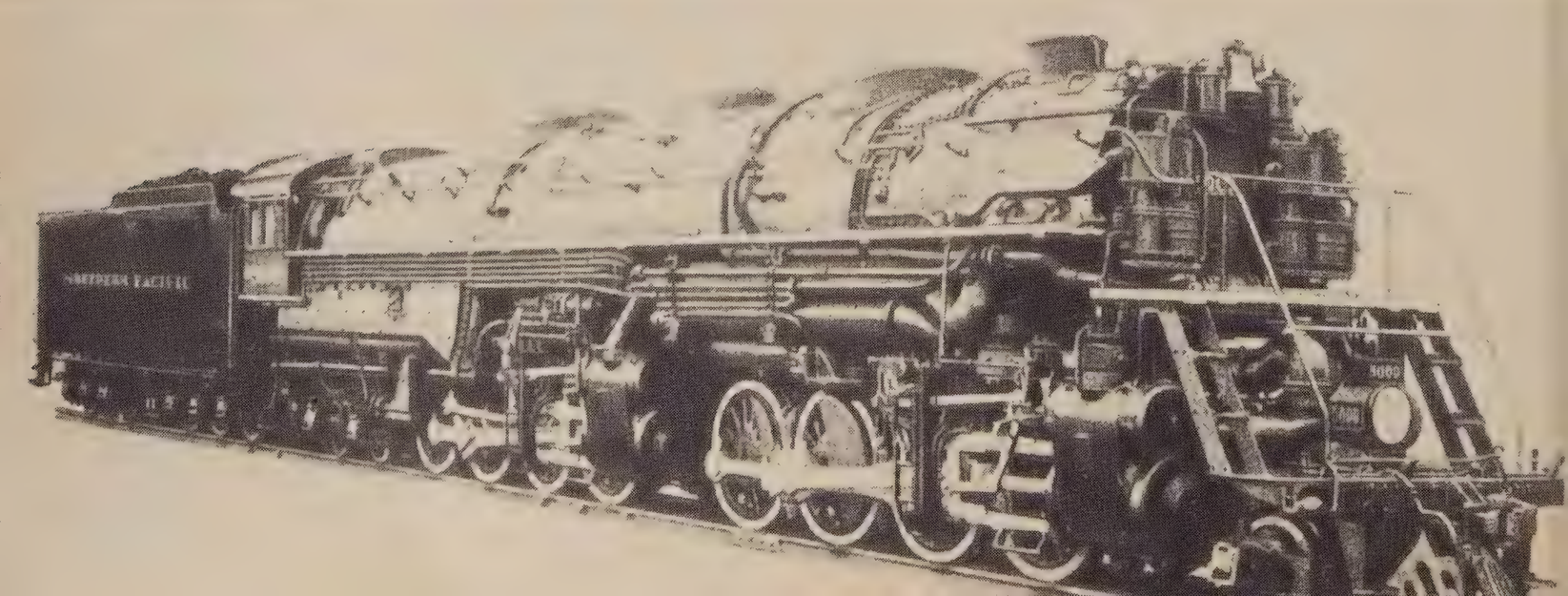
Improved versions of the first and last appliances—the superheater and the feedwater heater—later found their way onto all but the smallest and least sophisticated locomotives.



THEN IN 1910 it occurred to Samuel Vauclain that a Mallet's boiler could be treated as two entities, with a flexible joint connecting them at a point just ahead of the flues. This would make it possible to bolt each section to the driving unit beneath it, and the entire engine could then hinge on curves, eliminating overhang.

The idea was prompted by the poor performance of a pair of passenger engines built by Baldwin for the Santa Fe a year earlier. In theory,. their novel 4-4-6-2 wheel arrangement should have

For more than 10 years the Northern Pacific's 12 "Yellowstones" were unequaled in size and weight. Built in 1928 and 1930, the 556-ton 2-8-8-4s were given 182 square feet of grate area to meet the combustion demands of low-grade bituminous mined by the railroad at Colstrip, Montana. Burned at the rate of a third of a ton a minute, the fuel evaporated 15,000 gallons of water an hour.



Three-cylindered Union Pacific 4-12-2s left impressive service records etched with sand on mountain rails in Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, and Oregon. Worked to full capacity, their fuel consumption was a modest 7 tons an hour. With the coming of the "Challengers" and "Big Boys," they were reassigned to Nebraska runs.

provided the stability and weight distribution required for fast running, but in practice they proved hard on the rails and themselves at speeds below the potential of their 73-inch drivers.

Vauclain believed that high-wheeled 2-6-6-2's of the hinged type he proposed would give and take less punishment, and the equally optimistic Santa Fe built one and purchased six from Baldwin over a two-year period. The first boiler joints were formed of fifty rings of resilient steel, each 75 inches in diameter and 10 inches wide, riveted together alternately on their inner and outer edges. These metal bellows provided the necessary flexibility until cinders accumulated in their folds at the joints. Then they burst apart on curves. A switch to huge ball-and-socket joints solved the problem, but the hinged engines rode no better than the rigid-barreled 4-4-6-2's and were soon retired and scrapped.

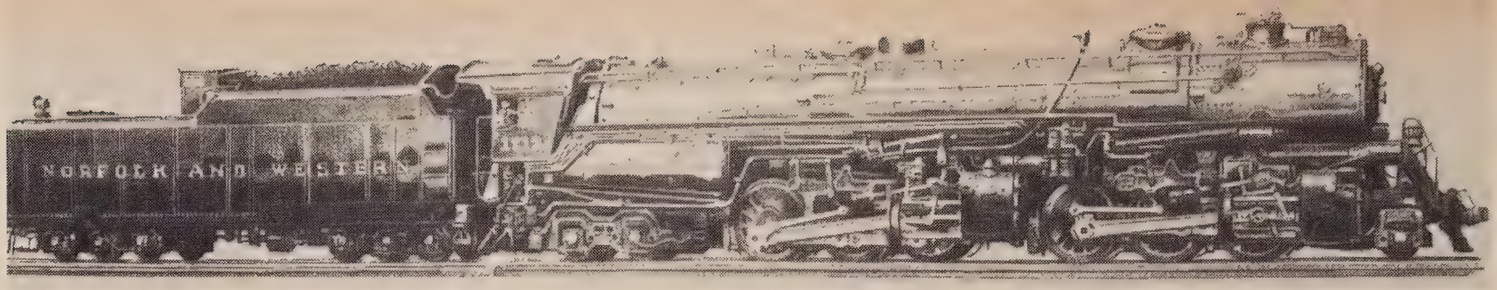
Still venturesome, the railroad undertook an ambitious remodeling job in 1911. Ten chunky 2-10-2's, hauled into its Topeka, Kansas, shops, re-emerged as the world's largest locomotives—2-10-10-2's, more than 120 feet long!

In making the conversion the original cabs, fireboxes, water sections, and running gear were supplemented with boiler extensions, low-pressure cylinders, and high-capacity tenders supplied by Baldwin. Despite the engines' awesome proportions, the inadequate heating surfaces inherited from the 2-10-2's led to a chronic complaint by the crew, "Too many legs and not enough steam."

The Mallets were just beginning to raise the echoes in southern California's Cajon Pass when the Baldwin Works underwent a corporate change, and Vauclain assumed the vice-presidency. The firm's developmental work was assigned to George R. Henderson, a consulting engineer who saw no reason to limit an articulated locomotive's driving units to the customary two. By 1913 he held the patent rights to what he chose to call "Triplexes," "Quadruplexes," and "Quintruplexes." In each design he proposed using standardized cylinder and traction wheel assemblies, with either one or two of them placed beneath the tender.

Late that year the Erie ordered a 430-ton Triplex of the 2-8-8-8-2 type or what, in effect, was a trio of heavy Consolidation engines controlled by a single throttle. To provide the desired one-to-two compounding ratio, Henderson's plans called for the exhausts from a pair of high-pressure cylinders to feed four low-pressure cylinders of equal size. The steam vented from the latter was directed into two chimneys, the usual draft-inducing stack up front and a vertical pipe at the rear.

The 24-drivered Mallet left Baldwin's new plant at Eddystone, Pennsylvania,



Company-built classics—the Norfolk & Western's dual-service 2-6-6-4s. When a small Kentucky boy asked one of their runners, "Where do you git them engines at?" the reply was a straight-faced: "Sonny, we dig them out of the mountains."

early in 1914. The Erie's president, Frederick D. Underwood, had established the policy of naming locomotives for engineers with outstanding service records, and gold lettering below the cab windows honored a veteran ballast scorcher on the road's Mahoning Division—Matt H. Shay.

DEADHEADED to Susquehanna, the Triplex worked Gulf Summit grade while the stage was set for a dramatic demonstration of its 160,000-pound tractive force. Over a period of several weeks loaded coal hoppers of the sturdiest construction were shunted onto sidings at nearby Binghamton, New York.

Then one morning the *Matt H. Shay* drifted into town and latched onto the accumulated cars—250 of them forming an 18,000-ton train. Assisted by two pushers, the Mallet eased the long string into motion. Once clear of the yard, it was on its own, spuming gray smoke from one stack and clear steam from the other.

All went well for 17 miles. Officials crowded in the cab were no doubt dreaming of a new transportation era when a coupler suddenly let go, an air hose parted, and the train slammed to an emergency stop, plucking out a second complex in the process. The railroad spectacular ended less than triumphantly, with two conventional Mallets lumbering uptrack from Susquehanna to bring in the cars the Triplex had left behind.

In further tests, the *Matt H. Shay's* inadequate steaming capacity discouraged any thought of assigning the locomotive to long runs. A onetime Erie fireman later recalled, without nostalgia, his efforts to keep the big engine hot. Andrew Goobeck, in an article in *Railroad Magazine* in Oct. '42 wrote:

I never worried about an explosion from excess pressure. We used to say that the best place for anybody to cool off on a summer day was behind the firedoor of the *Matt H. Shay*. The needle on the steam gauge consistently pointed at the tallowpot's seatbox, and I'll wager I hammered its casing more times than there are hopper cars in the State of Pennsylvania trying to get it to register a couple of extra pounds.

Henderson refused to admit defeat. In 1915 he submitted plans to the Santa Fe for a 2-8-8-8-8-2 with a jointed boiler. One of two cabs was to be placed ahead of the smokebox to give the engineer an unobstructed view of the track. In another, 75 feet behind it, the fireman would receive and acknowledge signals shouted through a speaking tube. Surprisingly, the railroad deliberated for a year before rejecting the proposed monstrosity.

Meanwhile, the Erie bought two slightly modified Triplexes which, like the *Matt H. Shay,* were effective only as pushers on the short Gulf Summit grade. Henderson's fourth and final offering—a 2-8-8-8-4 sold to the Virginian Railway in 1919—proved so inferior to ten 2-10-10-2's bought from the American Locomotive Company in Schenectady a year earlier that within months she was truncated into a 2-8-8-0, and her rear driving unit used as the nucleus for a new Mikado.

On the other hand, the 449-ton Schenectady products remained in service for 27 years, moving 50,000 times their collective weight in coal out of the West Virginia mountains

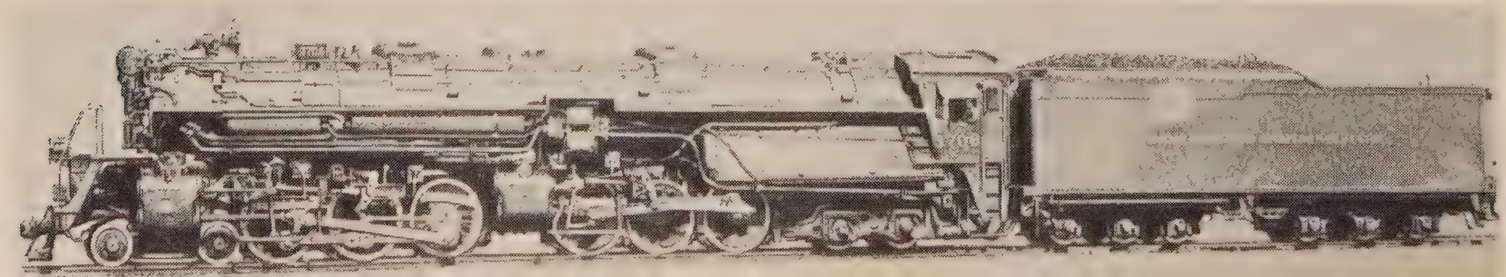
The boilers of many narrow-gauge engines were no larger in diameter than the giants' forward cylinders—immense castings with 48-inch bores. The 2-10-10-2's exerted the greatest starting tractive force (176,600) pounds) of any steam locomotives ever built, and nearly a quarter of an acre of evaporative heating surfaces apiece gave them the capacity for sustained performance.

Powerful though they were, super-Mallets like these re-introduced the problem of high back pressures. Too, they rode hard, even at very low speeds, nosing heavily in response to the shuttling action of the massive pistons up front. What had once been the virtue of using steam twice became a handicap, and for a time it seemed that articulated engines would never be more than plodding workhorses.

The achievements of Union Pacific "Big Boys," the greatest Mallets of all, should form a story of its own. None, however, remain in service. The only active Mallet in the United States today is No. 46 of the California Western, which Baldwin built in 1937. But before the sunset, the mighty products of Anatole Mallet's genius had their day of glory.

(Adapted from *The Iron Horse*, a book copyright 1971 by the author, Henry B. Comstock, and due for publication by Thomas Y. Crowell Company late in 1971 or early 1972.)

Monarchs of the Wasatch Range. The Rio Grande's 4-6-6-4s were the heaviest and most powerful locomotives of the "Challenger" type ever constructed. Weighing 332½ tons without tender, they developed 105,000 pounds of starting tractive effort.



Howard F. Greene at his office phone in Boston.

HOWARD GREENE

by FREEMAN HUBBARD

UNIQUE is the word for Howard F. Greene of Auburndale, Massachusetts. No other person on earth that I know of ever headed, in turn, two national railfan organizations: first the Railroad Enthusiasts and now the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society, Inc. This is all the more unusual because Howard did not become an active railfan until age 41. When I saw him at the fiftieth anniversary dinner of the R&LHS in Boston last May he was a youthful-looking 67. Tall, proud, and erect as a lamp post. His face lit up quickly with a smile.

"Howard is not at all the proper Bostonian type," Betty Tone informs me. Betty is a railroad artist who has done cover paintings for this magazine. "He is warm and friendly," she goes on, "even on first meeting, with a sincerity and heartiness that lets you know it is real."

His mother, like mine, taught school; his father was a factory worker. Hill, New Hampshire, where Howard first saw the light of day on a cold December 4th, 1903, was then a typical New England hillside village with a general store, a frame schoolhouse, a tall-spired white church, and a tiny railroad depot on a Boston & Maine branch line. His family tree boasts a skipper on the *Overland Limited* and two station agents, all Chicago & North Western, and a New Haven engineer who pulled the *Merchant's Limited*. Also a Baptist-Christian minister in a distant town, Howard's grandfather, to whom the Greenes made a vacation pilgrimage by rail once a year.

When Howard was attending high school, a local agent of the International Correspondence School changed the course of his life by pedaling a bike to his home and selling the lad a course in cost accounting. Our hero's first full-time job was cost accountant for the Laconia (N.H.) Car Company. Later, he graduated from the Bentley School of Accounting in Boston and took some college courses for B.A. degree credits.

As a certified public accountant, Howard has won laurels in that field; but for about three years of his frivolous youth he taught ballroom dancing and worked with taxi-dancers. You know, dime-a-dance girls. Please don't mention it. If this story were to get out, the cold shoulder that stuffed shirts in the Back Bay District would give to Railfan No. 109 would make President Nixon's wage-price freeze seem hot by comparison.

It happened in Chicago. Howard took a girl out on a date but danced awkwardly with her. To prevent a repetition of this embarrassing episode, he took lessons in a dancing academy. Upon completion of the course he had become so proficient that the management hired him as an instructor.

"The pay was minimal," Howard recalls, "but the personal pleasure was great. After each dance had started and gone far enough for us to know that all of the girls who'd have paying partners were dancing, we instructors could then go over and have our pick for the rest of the dance. It was lotsa fun."

As I have said, Howard was a latecomer in the railfanning game, being so retarded in this respect that, amazingly, he did not read his first copy of *Railroad Magazine* until 1945, around the time he became a member of the R&LHS and RRE. "Since then," I learn from Frank Kyper, editor of *The Railroad Enthusiast*, "he has made up for

Cape Cod Chamber of Commerce Cranberry Queen and her attendant join Howard and Railroad Enthusiasts on trip to Harwichport (he believes) to see B&O RR model layout. This was when the New Haven ran passenger service there. (Note to Virgil Staff: No. 109 calls them typical New England beauties.)

this delay with quantity and quality."

Why he waited so long is a mystery. *Railroad Magazine*, founded in 1906, had come out of its ten-year hibernation in 1929 and in that year cute-looking Mildred C. White, a secretary, joined the staff of the Chicago security firm that Howard Greene was working for as cashier. I don't blame him for finding Mildred more intriguing than a mere magazine. She had pretty auburn hair and hazel eyes. Proximity wrought magic. The two fell in love, and Howard gave her a wedding ring on the first summer day of 1930.

It was his second marriage. He has three lovely grown daughters: Virginia from his first wife, Marilyn and Caryl from his second, and two grandchildren. The Greenes reside on a quiet tree-shaded street in Auburndale at 15 Angier Circle and have a summer cottage on Cape Cod, behind which is an unofficial wildlife sanctuary. When eventually he retires, Howard plans to sell his town house and live in the cottage with Mildred for the rest of his life.

"Right after World War II," Frank Kyper tells me, "was a good time to go railfanning. The R&LHS and RRE had cut their programs 'for the duration,' but with hobbyists drifting back from the armed forces, both groups were resuming their activities and picking up new members. Howard soon became trip chairman for the Enthusiasts' New England Division, which, starting in 1947, sponsored a wide range of excursions. Steam power was still in its bright Indian summer. Many trips set up by Howard were doubleheaded by coalburners on the B&M, New Haven, and Boston & Albany.

"In the early 1950's Howard arranged 'farewell to steam' safaris on the B&M and NH. It is a continuing monument to him that the New England unit of RRE still has one of the most active—if not *the* most active—railtrip schedules in the country. My friend was elected Division chairman, a post he had to dovetail into his busy life, along with lecturing, teaching evening courses in accounting, and serving as chairman of the accounting department at Northeastern University's evening school.

"Now that I am trip chairman of the Division, I can appreciate more fully the work he must have put into their early post-war excursions—even though steam power was abundant then, passenger service flourished, available routes were almost endless, and he had no Amtrak to contend with."

According to Dana Goodwin of Fitchburg, Massachusetts, who has often worked with Howard in both the Enthusiasts and R&LHS: "His leadership is outstanding. Howard has the faculty of inducing others to cooperate with him to get things done, even if he has to knock their heads together when necessary. He is also helpful in making his vast knowledge of oldtime railroadiana available to anyone interested."

From 1963 until '65 he was national president of the Enthusiasts. This, combined with his fairly recent election to succeed Charlie Fisher, who had resigned after heading the Railway & Locomotive Historical Society for half a century, is the distinction mentioned in my opening paragraph.

I asked Howard Greene if he ever gets excited over anything.

"Sure," he replied. "Making money excites me, but my biggest thrill is feeling that I have achieved something. To assist other people also gives me a lift. Our golden anniversary tribute to Charlie Fisher was very satisfying. But," he added ruefully, "I find that being president of the R&LRS involves a heavy volume of correspondence. Because I had so many irons in the fire, I left the accounting firm in which I had been a partner for many years and went into CPA practice on my own."

Betty Tone has this to say of Howard's devotion to our hobby: "Whenever the Enthusiasts ran a fantrip from Boston, he would write a historical monograph of the route, six or eight mimeographed pages which, distributed to the passengers, made the journey more interesting."

"He often proselytizes, too," she adds. "One evening when my brother and I were returning from a fantrip, we stood on a street corner waiting for a bus to take us home. Howard was there, too. Before our bus came along, he persuaded me to join the R&LHS. I am glad he did."

Another fan who became a member of the Society at Mr. Greene's suggestion is Frank Kyper of Malden, Massachusetts, who married the widow of Rolie Blodgett, president of the Railroad Enthusiasts, after Rolie had died in a highway accident.

Frank says he was astonished one day to discover the mountain of railroad books, lanterns, old copies of *Railroad Magazine*, folders, annual reports, timetables, and other memorabilia that Howard had piled up, uncataloged, over a 15-year period in the basement playroom of his Auburndale home. This unwieldy collection crowded the room so much that you couldn't get in the door!

At last the owner himself felt entrapped by it. Admiring as he does the homespun philosophy of Henry D. Thoreau, which can be summed up in one word, "Simplify!", he decided the time had come to part with his beloved

(Left) Howard, as Railroad Enthusiasts trip chairman at South Station, Boston. (Below) R&LHS president's snug little shan-gri-la close by the salt waters of Buzzards Bay, Cape Cod.

collection. And so, when Northwestern University set up a Transportation School and Library, he donated most of his railroadiana to it with a sigh of relief, shipping more than two tons of books plus numerous big cartons filled with ephemera to Evanston, Illinois! He also gave duplicate items to Northeastern University in Boston, with which he was associated; many triplicates to the University of Wyoming, a few quadruplicates to Steamtown Foundation at Bellows Falls, Vermont.

"The best Christmas present I ever had was in 1927, when I passed the examinations for certified public accountant," he says. Today he is secretary-treasurer of the New England Graduate Accounting Study Conference—what a mouthful! He is also chairman of Bentley College Institute of Taxation. During 13 weeks each spring, shortly before your income tax report is due, he moderates a series of panels giving income tax reports to the public on radio station WHDH.

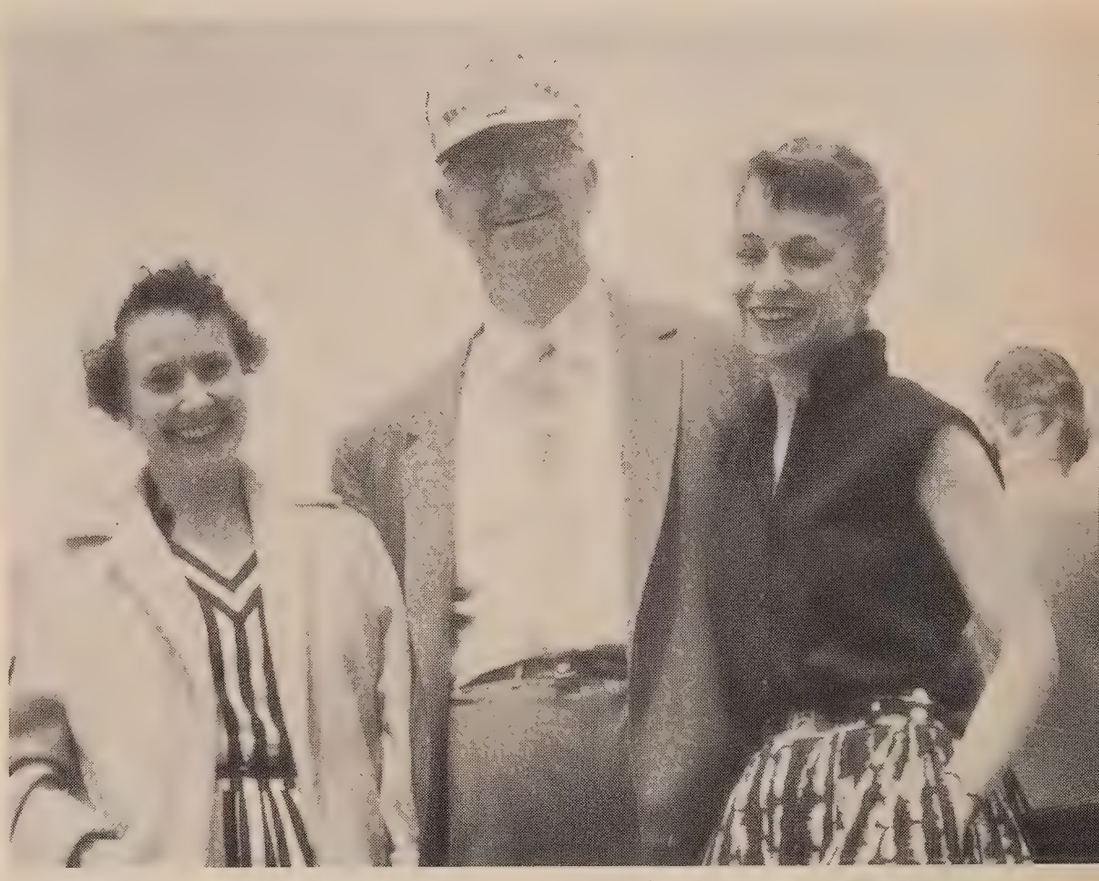
Our hero holds CPA certificates in four states. For years he taught CPA summer coaching courses in five New England cities, four hours a night, four or five nights a week, enlivening his instruction with anecdotes and helping many a student to get a certificate for a lifetime career. Says he, "Money can't compensate for that kind of effort."

Gerald R. Rubin, a business partner of his for nearly 15 years, recalls that while Howard was teaching he had the reputation of assigning a lot of homework and he expected and got efficient performance from his students.

"He still gets calls from former students and business executives asking for his advice and opinions," Gerald informs me. "He is eager and willing to help even when no personal financial gain is involved. His favorite recreation spot is Cape Cod. There he likes to fish from his outboard motorboat, dig for clams, gather scallops, loaf, and work around his cottage; and he has affection for birds and beasts, especially dogs."

One of his students described Howard Greene as "that big guy who tells stories." Railfan No. 109 is one inch short of six feet and weighs about 230 pounds. I asked, "How do you keep physically fit?"

"I don't, dammit," he said unhappily. "I eat too much. Too many sweets. Mowing the lawn at my cottage, puttering around there, and fishing don't add up to much exercise. I tend to eat and work rapidly, move fast, and make quick decisions (often wrong ones)—how else could I handle all the jobs I don't have sense enough to turn down?"



Our hero with good supporting cast, (left) wife, Mildred, and daughter, Marilyn, on Railroad Enthusiasts trip aboard a steamer on Lake Winnepesaukee in N.H.

Having made a specialized study of nutrition and good health, I offer this unwanted advice to weight watchers: Fill up on protein foods (meat, fish, eggs, cheese, milk), also vegetables, especially green salad vegetables, and fresh fruits. Cut down sharply on starches and sweets. Take a daily food supplement consisting of natural multiple vitamins and a multi-mineral tablet. And read Adelle Davis's 334-page Signet paperback, *Let's Eat Right to Keep Fit* ($1.50, published by The New American Library, 1301 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019). It is the most practical and most readable book on the subject I have ever seen.

Becoming real nosey, I asked Howard Greene what faults he had. He thought a moment. "I'm too sensitive," he said. "Easily hurt. Resentful of what I consider unfairness. My wife says I'm very stubborn. That may be, but only when someone can't give me a good reason for changing my mind."

He is rather proud of the fact that he coined the term *Highliners* for Budd cars that the Boston & Maine was getting. The subject came up one evening when he was returning from a fantrip with Cliff Daly, a B&M passenger representative. Howard made the suggestion, which the company later adopted, because he said the cars would run on high iron to high (mountain) country. And when the New Haven first got Budd cars, Howard offered the name *Shoreliners* for them. This, too, was officially accepted.

Thus Howard Greene had the rare privilege of naming the Budd cars on two major New England roads. But he has never gone in much for rail photography. Nor has he contributed to *Railroad Magazine* or *Trains*. A few years ago he authored a "History of the Beech Creek Railroad" for the R&LHS *Bulletin*, and occasionally he writes articles on accounting for trade journals. He does enjoy *Railroad*, though.

"I am enthusiastic about your girlie pix, especially Virgil Staff's," he says. "What better hobby could you have than looking at trains and women?" ●

THE WRECKING BOSS

by Kenneth V. Goodman

David Goodman

THE RAPPING of a brake club on the wooden sheathing of our modest two-story house in Altoona, Pa., sounded like a woodpecker in the dark stillness early one October morning seventy years ago and awakened me out of a deep sleep. I soon heard my father, David Goodman, stirring around and dressing as fast as he could. He had laid out his clothes the night before, as usual, in a precise pattern—red longjohns (woolen underwear), plaid or plain woolen shirt, corduroy pants upheld by suspenders, woolen socks, and heavy steel-tipped, work shoes. A corduroy cap and jacket completed the outfit. He had a strong, stocky build and mild blue eyes, like his German ancestors.

Back in those days, my father was wreckmaster on the Middle Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad and his crew knew him as "Davey." The limp from an old injury to his knee didn't keep him from hurrying downstairs and out into the night. He knew that somewhere on his division lay smashed-up cars and locomotives and perhaps human bodies. They would lie there until his gang arrived to clear up the mess. When a train was derailed in the switching yards at night it could wait until daylight for rerailing, and usually no one was hurt; but this job on the main line was different.

The big hook and wrecking crew bossed by David Goodman, shown in front, second from the left.

Stepping outdoors, he asked a brakeman: "How many men do we need, Carl?" The answer would tell him if the smash-up were large or small. All wrecks were bad enough; some were much worse than others.

Carl replied: "About fifteen, I'd say, Davey. Two engines and several empty freight cars are ditched on Horseshoe Curve. The engines are over the bank. One's way down on the slope. They think the engine crew men will live. The cars were deadheading up the mountain and a rock fell on the tracks."

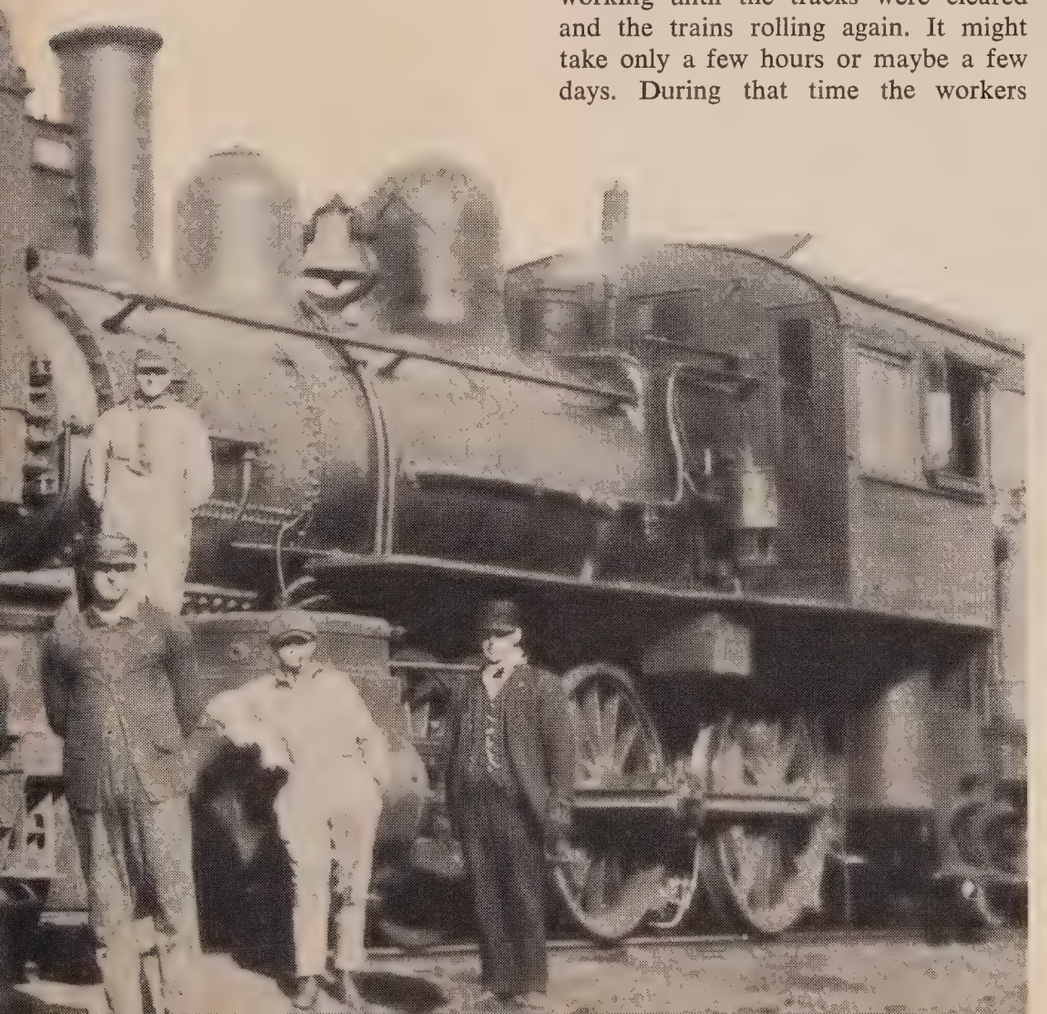
Inviting Carl into the house, my father telephoned several men on his wrecking force. They, in turn called others until they got the quota they needed. It took only a few minutes. Then he said: "All right, Carl; let's go!"

The wrecking train was powered by a Baldwin ten-wheeler. With her bell ringing and whistle screaming, she rumbled through the maze of yards onto the open steel of the main line, headed for Horseshoe Curve. People living along the right-of-way knew the meaning of that ominous whistle sound. A man, turning over sleepily in bed, would say to his wife: "Beth, there's some poor devils in trouble on the railroad tonight."

Back of the 4-6-0 and her tender came the fifty-ton steam crane, or big hook. The latter's fireman kept stoking his fire as they chugged along, their speed being moderately slow so as not to topple the big hook. He would need all the steam the boilers could stand when they reached the wreck. Only a few minutes delay in lifting could put a life or death sentence on a man with a crushed arm or leg under a car.

Meanwhile, in the "block," or work car, following the big hook the gang unloosened their heavy triple blocks and tackle. They checked the ropes to be sure they were running easily through the reeving and loosened the ends of the heavy chains and hooks that were used to pull apart heavy masses of wreckage. The coils of steel cable that went with the crane were unleashed and U-bolts set in place, ready to clamp onto the derrick rigging if needed. Each man had his task to do and he did it with few words. No one knew just what he'd find. Some pile-ups were quite gory, like the time a livestock train killed and injured a lot of cattle. Blood and guts were smeared all over the place and cattle were bawling like hell. Most of the crew men felt sick before they got it cleared up.

The second piece of equipment in the wrecking train was the commissary car, equipped with a small coal-stove on which a pot of coffee was kept hot. The car was well stocked with food. Once at the wreck, my father's men were expected to stay on the scene and keep working until the tracks were cleared and the trains rolling again. It might take only a few hours or maybe a few days. During that time the workers would eat in the commissary car, the rear portion of which had lockers and benches along the sides for them to sit and rest when the job permitted it.



My father had an "office" of his own about the middle of the car. It included a small table, a bench, and a wall desk in which he kept his time-cards and other records. Even now, as the train thundered over the high iron with the steady clicking of wheels, the wrecking boss made up a roster of the men currently on duty. He had to do this en route, for at the wreck itself his job would be where the action was. My father also had his lighter moments. Under his bench he kept a checker board and box of checkers.

A whistle signal and the slackening of speed told the crew that they were near the wreck scene on Horseshoe Curve. Soon they were running past stalled trains that wouldn't turn a wheel until the line was cleared. By this time the grade had become noticeable. As the tracks curved through the mountains, one side of the right-of-way fell far down into the valley, where a small stream ran toward the mighty Ohio River.

My father went forward into the big hook's cab to speak with his operator and fireman. He also checked on the steam pressure and the water level. Returning to the car behind it, he noted that jacks, wedges, blocks, mauls, axes, chisels, hacksaws, drills, and hammers were ready for use, as they should be. In a smash-up you never knew for sure how many tools you'll need until you start to work. As a last gesture before they reached the Curve, the wreckmaster peeked into the first aid kit on the wall of the commissary car.

"Well, boys," he said grimly, "I hope we don't have to use this stuff; but if we do, remember to stop the bleeding first."

The night was still black and starless as the train slowed down still more. At length, with bell ringing, the engine came to a stop with her headlight shining on the ghostlike wreckage ahead. My father hurried forward with some of his men to look over the situation. Some trainmen were gathered dismally around a locomotive and tender lying on their sides and slanting down the mountainside. Still further down, they saw another engine several hundred feet away, her firebox spewing hot coals. She lay almost in the little stream that marked the bottom of a ravine. On top of the slope several boxcars were piled up crazily along the right-of-way.

Horseshoe Curve in the Allegheny Mountains, scene of the wreck described in this true story. It's a 9-degree curve over a distance embracing 180 degrees. Crest of the curve from Altoona westward is Galitzin.
Pennsylvania Railroad photograph

Joining the trainmen, my father got a brief rundown on the casualties, "All accounted for . . . taken to the hospital . . . given first aid." He then examined the wreckage himself, listening for any human sounds that might come from beneath the cars. He couldn't forget the terrible scene when a boxcar had been lifted from above a trainman who died from loss of blood because no one knew he was there. My father shrugged his shoulders uneasily.

Then, assured that everyone involved in the present accident was at least in good hands, he decided to rerail the locomotives first, because their wheels seemed undamaged. Later on, they could be pushed back to the shops for repairs. But the tenders and boxcars would have to be pulled apart. The wrecking boss sent a message back for empty flatcars on which to load the wreckage and car wheels for salvage. But first he must pull the wreckage into the clear and repair two lines of track to let the stalled trains get by.

So he ordered his wrecking train back to a siding, and there his men reversed the locomotive, placing the fifty-ton crane in front. Meanwhile, the gang, working furiously, attached drawbars, hooks, and chains into portions of the twisted steel and shattered wood that must be yanked out of the way. When the crane returned, they attached the massive big hook to the chains, and blocked and supported by cables the derrick fastened to the rigging.

Then my father did something that filled his crew with respect. He ordered all the men to stand back, while he remained alone near the wreck and signalled the crane operator to start pulling. Horrible tales have been told of what happens sometimes when that first pull is made. Unknown stresses within the wreckage are suddenly released, so that parts of steel cars, wheels, and even rails suddenly become huge projectiles that could kill and maim. Fully aware of this, my experienced father saved his life on several occasions simply by his uncanny ability to sense what was coming and dodge it.

Standing just out of the hard glare of the lights but where the crane operator could see him, he kept one hand upraised in a signal position and watched the wreckage start to move, indicating the speed and direction of the pull. Soon these portions of the cars overlying the other tracks were pulled to one side of the right-of-way. After the rails in two lines of track had been regaged and reset, the stalled trains finally started to roll again. Since only two lines of the four-track system were open, east- and westbound traffic had to be funnelled by on one line each. This delayed some trains, including two passenger consists.

After clearing the tracks enough to allow that movement, the gang returned to the engines. The one nearest the tracks was soon righted in a relatively simple lifting job and went back on the rails. Then the wrecking boss turned his attention to the one lying in the bottom of the ravine.

"That's a long haul down there, boys!" he said thoughtfully.

Most railroad wrecks lay on the right-of-way, so the cable and reeving of the blocks with the big hook usually were set for power rather than distance. This time, however, the distance was unusually long and would take as much cable as the crane carried.

My father proceeded gingerly down the slope with his crew, each man carrying some tool such as crowbars, picks, car jacks, blocks, tackle, wedges, and mauls. They ran a line back to the derrick, where a winch could be used to snake the heavy chains to the incapacitated engine. My father decided to use a double-span sling around both ends of the engine and attach the big hook to a chain around the centers of the slings. After this part of the job had been completed, he called for the hook and cable to be pulled down to

the engine. Descending the slope, it inched its way as the cable on the drum was paid out. But last, several feet short of the engine, it stopped—there wasn't enough cable!

The wrecking boss studied the situation. He realized that many hours would pass before they could get additional cable and reeve it. Meanwhile, the rest of the wreck still had to be lifted, and time was passing. So he extended the hook by running the cable through double blocks, instead of the usual triple blocks. This reduced the load capacity and might even cause the cable to snap. This chance he'd have to take. The reeving was quickly changed. The big hook then reached the lifting tackle on the locomotive and was firmly attached. Once more my father ordered the men to stand back.

In the early morning light, with long shadows of the mountain gathering around him, he must have looked like a small and, suddenly, a very brave man as he stood by the locomotive ready to give the signal to pull. Slowly the cable drum started revolving. It seemed hardly to move as the slack was taken up and the engine weight settled against the big hook. Anxious eyes watched the proceedings.

The haul was tough, every inch of cable being as taut as a bowstring. The crane settled against its supporting blocks and tackle, which also were showing the stress. Slowly, slowly, the engine started to move up the slope. The huge chain slings were as straight as boards. Rocks kept rolling down as the engine dislodged them on her way up. The wreckmaster kept ahead of her and to one side of the tackle so that he could drop to the ground at once if anything should snap. He knew too well that a snapped cable could—and sometimes did—cut a man in half!

Meanwhile, a group of passengers from a delayed train had strolled down the right-of-way to view the tense operation. Warned by members of the wrecking crew, they stopped walking. My father turned to watch the final pull which he hoped would bring the engine onto the right-of-way. No one saw him hit the ground like a flash, but everybody within earshot heard the sudden and sinister whining of the snapped cable!

Thereupon, the locomotive rumbled thunderously as she slid partially back down the slope. Then my father got up, dusted off his corduroys, and said with a strong, quiet voice: "Well, boys, we got her this far. Next time we'll bring her all the way up. Re-run that cable through the triple blocks. We can reach it now."

Before the sun sank in a red ball of fire behind the mountains that day, the wreck had been cleared up. My father returned home wearily but without a word to us of the day's happening. We might never have known about it except for a letter that arrived later at Christmas time, from the president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Enclosed was a check for one hundred dollars—which was a lot of money in those days. The letter stated in part: "An employee with as much control as you showed that day at Horseshoe Curve, when the cable snapped on the engine, deserves a reward."

On the day of the wreck, the president's private car had been standing at the end of a delayed passenger train. He had been among those warned by the wrecking crew when they witnessed the final lift.

And now would you like to know what my father did with the check? He always had a strong sense of comradeship with his men and often stated, "We" did this or that. Rarely did he say "I" in referring to a job. Anyhow, he spent the money on apples, oranges, peaches, and melons, and kept stocking the wreckers' commissary with this fruit for as long as the check lasted. ●

Neither of these two Pennsy derailments was cleared up by Wreckmaster Goodman. (Top) The engineer and fireman of one of these engines were injured on January 8, 1931, when the locomotives collided near the Philadelphia Suburban station. One engine was a switcher; the other was pulling the New York-Washington Express. (Lower) Derailment of a Pittsburgh-Buffalo passenger train at Edgecliffe, Pa., near Pittsburgh, May 22, 1921. The hogger went to glory in this accident.

THE EDITOR'S WAYBILL

by Freeman Hubbard

BOOKS and other publications, including new or old copies of *Railroad Magazine,* are needed to help set up a library for inmates of the Georgia Diagnostic & Classification Center, which is operated by the State Board of Corrections at Jackson, Ga. 30233.

"Our age-old problem is lack of adequate funds," I was told by Michael Braswell, co-ordinator of the Inmate Services Department there. Anyone who can spare adult reading matter, even paperbound books on almost any subject except crime or sex—but especially easy-to-read textbooks—is urged to send them to Mike Braswell for the unfortunates in a penal institution.

As a footnote to this appeal, I recall that over the years I have bought for publication in our magazine at least a dozen manuscripts from ex-railroaders serving time in prison, particularly the Ohio State Penitentiary.

On one occasion I was instrumental in getting a *Railroad* author paroled. According to a strict rule, no convict was eligible for parole unless he had a job waiting for him on the outside. The prisoner in question had no job promised. But I sent the warden a letter saying he was qualified to support himself as a free-lance writer. As a result, the man was released on parole. Afterward, he justified my faith in him by contributing to various magazines, joining the Authors League of America, and getting a book published. Numerous readers of *Railroad Magazine* would recognize his name instantly, but they will never learn it from me.

A little compassion shown to prisoners will go a long way toward rehabilitation —getting them ready to return eventually to normal life—and may help to prevent riots and massacres like the one at Attica, N.Y., last September. A good start would be to pack up some books and magazines and ship them down to Georgia to Mike Braswell.

BACK in 1944, while researching for a chapter of the Andrews railroad raid of 1862 for my first book, *Railroad Avenue,* I learned from the U.S. Census Bureau that there were then 433 surviving Civil War veterans of the North and the South. Their average age was 97. "Soon, very soon," I wrote in that chapter, "the muster roll will be complete on the other side of Jordan."

And so it is. The last survivor, who served as a drummer boy in the Confederate Army, died at age 117. His funeral was a national event. I used to regard 117 as pretty well on in years; but that venerable ex-drummer was merely a callow youth compared with Charlie Smith of Barstow, Florida, who celebrated his 128th birthday last July 4th! Records of the Social Security Administration indicate that Mr. Smith is the oldest person in the country now getting Social Security benefits.

More than 3,000 living centenarians are on the Social Security list. No. 2 is a Paiute Indian squaw: Mrs. Tatzumbia DuPea of Los Angeles, born July 26, 1849. She is now 122.

The third oldest recipient of Social Security today also has Indian blood: Will Adams of Ardmore, Oklahoma, age 121, a former Louisville & Nashville trackman. Will's father was an Indian; his mother, of Spanish descent. Born in Virginia on August 30, 1850, the year of the L&N charter, he was eleven when the Civil War broke out. Unable to get any formal education, he is still unable to read or write.

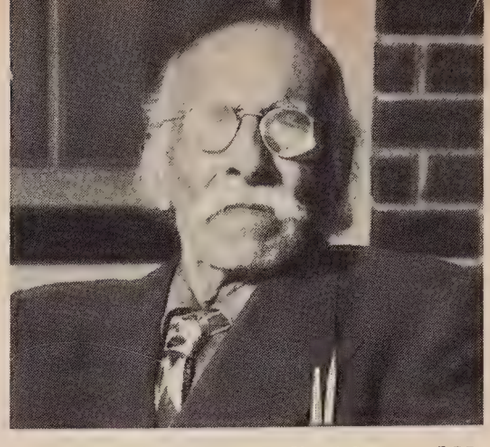
"But Daddy sure can count money," laughs his daughter, Mrs. Mattie Thomas, with whom he lives.

Hired by an L&N section foreman at Montgomery, Alabama, in 1866, he worked for that road in the same area until 1899. Then he decided 33 years of railroading was enough. Quitting the L&N, he took various jobs with lumber outfits in the South. Not until he was 91 did Will Adams apply for Social Security, and even after that he kept working three more years. The last job he recalls was with the W. T. Smith Lumber Company in Alabama at age 94, after which he retired.

"I'm still as good as any man in a river log-rolling contest," he bragged to William R. Heffren, employee news editor of the *L&N Magazine,* who visited the former gandy dancer and dug up the information I'm using here.

Mr. Adams married at age 50. His wife was a pretty black girl, 28 years his junior, whom he has already outlived by 23 years. Together they reared seven children; four are still living, two in Ardmore and two in New York City. At latest reports, the oldtimer also has ten grandchildren, six great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

Undoubtedly, he was born with a strong constitution. On top of that, he



Oldest railroader: Will Adams, 121.
William R. Heffren, L&N Magazine

engaged in considerable outdoor activity, has an unworried mind and a sense of humor, and boasts that he has never used alcohol or tobacco. Mr. Adams is, in fact, a devout Methodist. He dwells in a nice home with an affectionate daughter and is well nourished with proteins, fresh fruits, and vegetables. According to a local newspaper, "he still enjoys the company of pretty young women and loves to see them in mini-skirts."

These facts help to explain his advanced age. Of course, some old codgers attribute their longevity to an abundance of liquor, cigarettes, and sex, but not necessarily in that order—when they should really give the credit to their good luck in having inherited an iron constitution. Those of us who didn't get such a good start in life can still go a long way toward warding off disease and retaining youthful vigor even in old age by following the principles laid down in *Prevention,* a monthly magazine published at Emmaus, Pa., and available there and in health food stores at 60 cents a copy.

The first time Mr. Adams ever saw a doctor professionally was at age 104. He had lost the sight of both eyes from cataracts, but an operation in a Mobile hospital restored the vision in one eye, which made him very happy. If he had been guided by *Prevention* or its equivalent, he probably would not have had cataracts in the first place. More trouble came early in 1963. Our hero fell out of a pecan tree he was climbing in the front yard of his daughter's home. The injury wasn't too serious, however.

Today, the former railroad man is in fairly good health. He eats well and sleeps soundly, with a mild routine of activities. But he seldom leaves the house any more and has lengthened the time he spends in bed. You and I would probably do the same if we were 121 years old. And I don't reckon we would have climbed a tree, even a pecan tree, at age 112. ●

BOOKS OF THE RAILS

by ALBERT HERSKOVITS

LIFE ON A LOCOMOTIVE, by George H. Williams, hard cover, 219 pages, 6x 9", photos, Howell-North Books, $5.95.

For those steam-oriented railfans who secretly long to be behind the throttle of a highwheeled Pacific pulling a fast passenger train through rolling countryside, this book should provide many hours of pleasure. It relates the experiences of Buddy Williams, the author's father, a third-generation railroader on the Chicago & North Western. Buddy's reminiscences are the kind of colorful stuff that sets the Steam Age apart, from the time he hopped in a boxcar at 14 to the highlight of his career in 1948 when he humiliated the diesels by covering 86 miles in 65 minutes as engineer on a steam locomotive at the head end of the *400*.

HIGH IRON CO. 1971, edited by Howard Pincus, soft cover, 48 pages, 8½x 11", Quadrant Press, Inc., $1.50.

The High Iron Company, headed by Ross Rowland Jr., one of our future *Interesting Railfans*, has been in business only five years, but in that time it has made itself known among railfans throughout North America for its fine steam excursions. This large-sized book is a collection of photographs of various engines run by High Iron, including the famous ex-Nickel Plate No. 759. Text and captions provide background and history of the operation. Photographs are extremely good.

MAIN LINE TO OBLIVION, by Robert B. Carson, hard cover, 273 pages, 6x9", notes, appendices, bibliography, index, Kennikac Press, $12.95.

Professor Carson details the decline of American railroads since the 1890's, concentrating primarily on those in New York State. Corporate strategy and federal regulation is the focus in this work, with the Erie, New York Central, and Pennsylvania getting the most attention. The behind-the-scenes story, starting in the 1950's, of the Pennsylvania-New York Central merger is covered thoroughly from the economic point of view.

VICTORIAN RAILWAYMEN, by Dr. P. W. Kingsford, hard cover, 198 pages, 5½x9", tables, appendices, three fold-out maps, Frank Cass & Co. Ltd., 67 Great Russell St., London WC1B 3BT, £2.75.

A social study of the working conditions and characteristics of railway workers in Victorian England. Interesting quotes from original railway documents give one a better idea of what railwaymen were like back then. ●

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The books are available only by mail. *Railroad Magazine Book Service,* 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y., 10017. Here are a few suggestions:

	List Price	Our Price
WORKIN' ON THE RAILROAD, Richard Reinhardt	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
RAILROAD AVENUE, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
THE RAILROAD SCENE, Wm. Middleton	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
THE RAILROAD CABOOSE, by Wm. F. Knapke	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
BESSEMER & LAKE ERIE, 1869-1969, Beaver	$10.00	($ 9.50)
CAR-BUILDER'S DICTIONARY, Forney	$19.95	($19.00)
CN STEAM POWER, by Clegg and Corley	$12.95	($12.30)
ENTERPRISE DENIED, by Albro Martin	$10.95	($10.40)
LAKE SUPERIOR RAILROADS, Dorin	$10.95	($10.40)
SHORTLINES OF ARKANSAS, Hull	$ 9.95	($ 9.45)
L&N STEAM LOCOMOTIVES, Richard Prince	$12.50	($11.90)
IRON HORSES TO PROMONTORY, Gerald M. Best	$10.00	($ 9.50)
SOUTH SHORE INTERURBAN, Wm. Middleton	$10.00	($ 9.50)
TO THE MOUNTAINS BY RAIL, by Wakefield	$15.00	($14.25)
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD K-4S, H. P. Albrecht	$ 3.00	($ 2.85)
INTERURBAN INTERLUDE, by E. J. Quinby	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
PENNSY POWER II, Staufer and Pennypacker	$15.00	($14.25)
TRAIN WATCHER'S GUIDE TO CHICAGO	$ 3.15	($ 3.00)
HEADLIGHTS & MARKERS, Donovan and Henry	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
MEXICAN NARROW GAUGE, by G. M. Best	$ 7.50	($ 7.15)
NORTHERN PACIFIC, by Chas. Wood	$13.95	($13.25)
GOLD RUSH NARROW GAUGE, by Cy Martin	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
TRAIN WRECKS, by Robert C. Reid	$12.95	($12.30)
AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVES, by John H. White	$20.00	($19.00)
DOWN AT THE DEPOT, by Edwin P. Alexander	$15.00	($14.25)
THE AMERICAN STEAM LOCO, Vol. I	$14.50	($13.75)
OVER THE HILLS TO WOODSTOCK, by Mead	$ 3.50	($ 3.35)
MORRISTOWN & ERIE, T. T. Taber III	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
ERIE POWER, by Alvin F. Staufer	$20.00	($19.00)
20TH CENTURY, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
DELAWARE & HUDSON, by Shaughnessy	$15.00	($14.25)
THE COLORADO ROAD, F. Hol Wagner Jr.	$15.00	($14.25)
THE SHAY LOCOMOTIVE, by Michael Koch	$19.50	($18.55)
GHOST RR's OF INDIANA, by Elmer Sulzer	$15.00	($14.25)
RAILS TO BLUE RIDGE, H. H. Harwood	$ 4.50	($ 4.25)
NARROW GAUGE TO REDWOODS, Dickson	$ 6.95	($ 6.60)
ALL ABOARD! RR's in Michigan, W. D. Dunbar	$ 7.95	($ 7.55)
RAILS TO POSSUM TROT, by J. A. Stowe	$ 2.50	($ 2.40)
SUPER POWER STEAM LOCOS, by R. J. Cook	$ 8.95	($ 8.50)
RAILROADS OF YOSEMITE VALLEY, H. Johnston	$10.00	($ 9.50)
SNOWPLOW, by Gerald M. Best	$ 6.00	($ 5.70)
THE TRAINS WE RODE, Beebe and Clegg, Vol. I	$15.00	($14.25)
THE TRAINS WE RODE, Vol. II, Beebe-Clegg	$15.00	($14.25)
LIFE ON A LOCOMOTIVE, by George Williams	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
OPEN THROTTLE (rail-fiction stories)	$ 3.75	($ 3.55)
GREAT DAYS OF THE CIRCUS, by Freeman Hubbard	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
STEAM POWER: C&NW, by Charles T. Knudsen	$10.00	($ 9.50)
STEEL RAILS TO SUNRISE, Ziel and Foster	$12.95	($12.30)
STEEL RAILS TO VICTORY, by Ron Ziel	$14.95	($14.20)
GREAT LAKES CAR FERRIES, by Geo. Hilton	$ 6.00	($ 5.70)
THE OVERLAND LIMITED, by Lucius Beebe	$ 5.95	($ 5.65)
THE MA & PA, by George W. Hilton	$ 5.00	($ 4.75)
THE RUTLAND ROAD, by Shaughnessy	$10.00	($ 9.50)
THE PULLMAN SCRAPBOOK, Wayner	$ 4.95	($ 4.70)
COMMUTER RAILROADS, by Dorin	$12.95	($12.30)
LOCOMOTIVES OF DICKSON MFG. CO., Gerald Best	$10.00	($ 9.50)
COLLECTOR'S BOOK OF LOCOMOTIVE, E. Alexander	$15.00	($14.25)
ATLANTA AND THE OLD SOUTH, Wilbur G. Kurtz	$ 5.98	($ 5.70)
COVERED BRIDGES TO CONCORD, Edgar T. Mead	$ 4.50	($ 4.30)

STEVE MAGUIRE'S

TRANSIT TOPICS

TWO entirely new rapid transit cars incorporating the most modern technology and design are being built through a grant supplied by the U.S. Department of Transportation's Urban Mass Transportation Administration (UMTA).

In some ways this is analogous to the creation of the PCC trolley back in the 1930's, when a group of transit lines presidents got together and devised the most modern trolley of its day as a standard for urban use.

The two new rapid transit cars will be built by the St. Louis Car Division of General Steel Industries, Inc., under supervision of the Boeing Company's Vertol Division. They will be called State-of-the-Art (SOAC) Rail Rapid Transit cars.

The St. Louis Car SOAC design will incorporate a new solid state, electronic motor control system (chopper) which results in smoother acceleration and reduced power consumption. The cars will be capable of reaching speeds of 80 miles per hour and will accelerate at three miles per hour, per second. Enhanced ride quality will result from an improved air suspension system. To increase passenger appeal, the stylized interior of the new cars will make use of bright and appealing colors and new materials for the interior appointments.

The two State-of-the-Art cars will be completed and delivered by September, 1972. They will be tested at DOT's High Speed Ground Test Center at Pueblo, Colo., and demonstrated on rapid transit lines in Philadelphia, Boston, New York, Chicago and Cleveland.

STEAM-POWERED transit buses with low-pollution engines may be built and tested in California early next year. Under a Federal DOT supplementary grant made to the State of California, three such engines are being built there for experimental installation in buses of Oakland's AC Transit, San Francisco's Municipal Railway, and Southern California Rapid Transit of Los Angeles.

The experimental steam bus project was set into motion by the California State Assembly in Dec., 1968, as a potential means of providing noiseless, vibration-free, low-maintenance, powerful, and clean surface transportation.

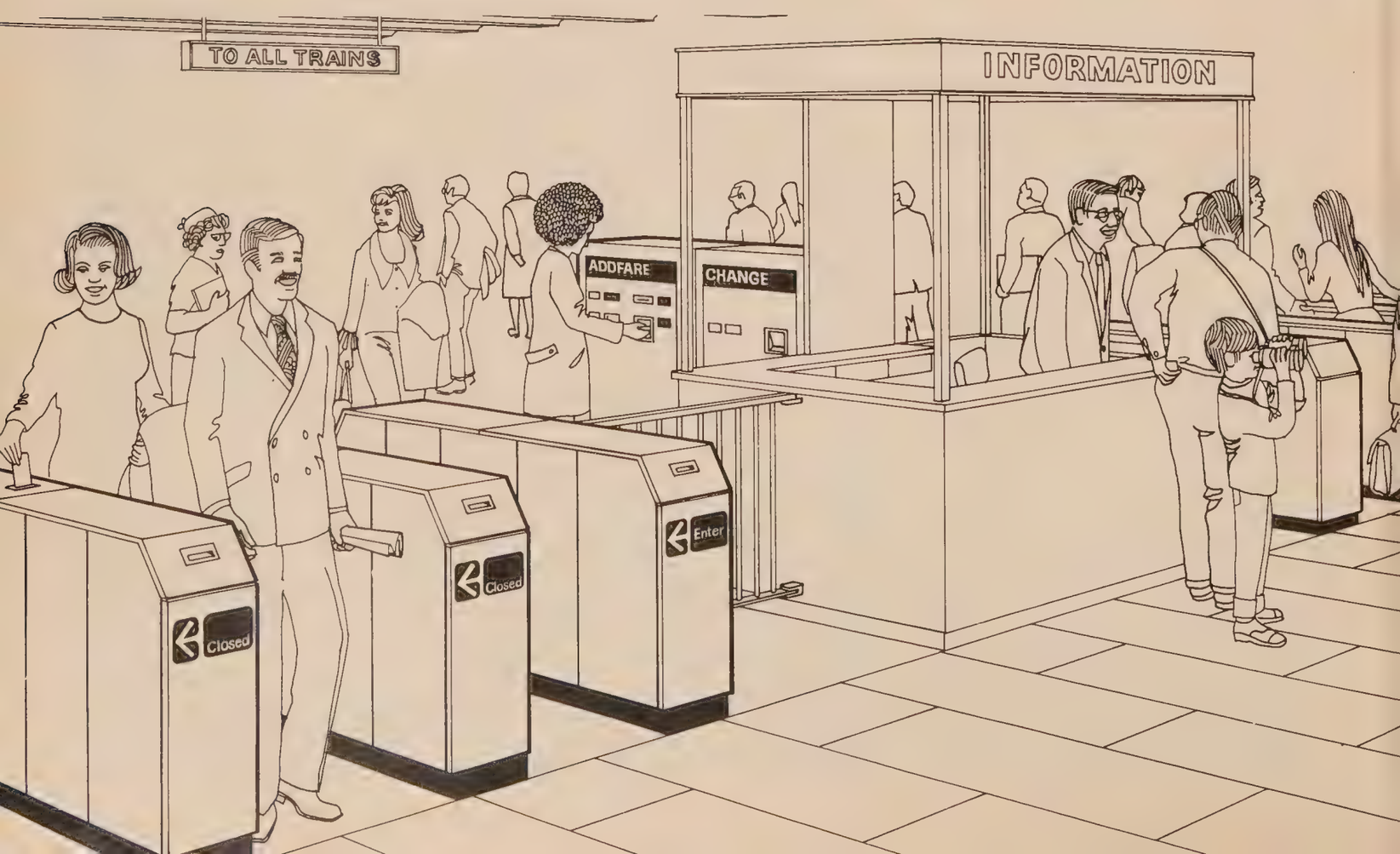
Total federal funds available for the project are $1,121,075, two-thirds of total project costs of $1,681,613. The State of California, transit properties, and vendors are contributing services and equipment to make up the local one-third share.

SKYBUS, the untested elevated roller coaster system proposed for Pittsburgh, Pa., by two of the three County Commissioners, received a grant of $60 million from the U.S. Department of Transportation, notwithstanding much public objection to the proposed system. Total cost of the project, if it is completed, will be $228 million, of which the Federal Government will contribute two-thirds.

The National Association of Railroad Passengers, 417 New Jersey Ave., S.E., Washington, D.C. 20003, says that:

The fate of the Skybus plan probably will be decided when Allegheny County voters elect a new commission. Dr. William R. Hunt, Republican county commissioner, is seeking re-election by campaigning against PAT's plan. He is joined by another Republican, Robert F. Stokes. If elected, Stokes and Hunt promise to force PAT to design a medium-density rail system which can be completed faster and at less cost.

In spite of the controversy, DOT Secretary John A. Volpe announced at the Pittsburgh Transit Conference "the largest single grant ever made by the Department's Urban Mass Transportation Administration."



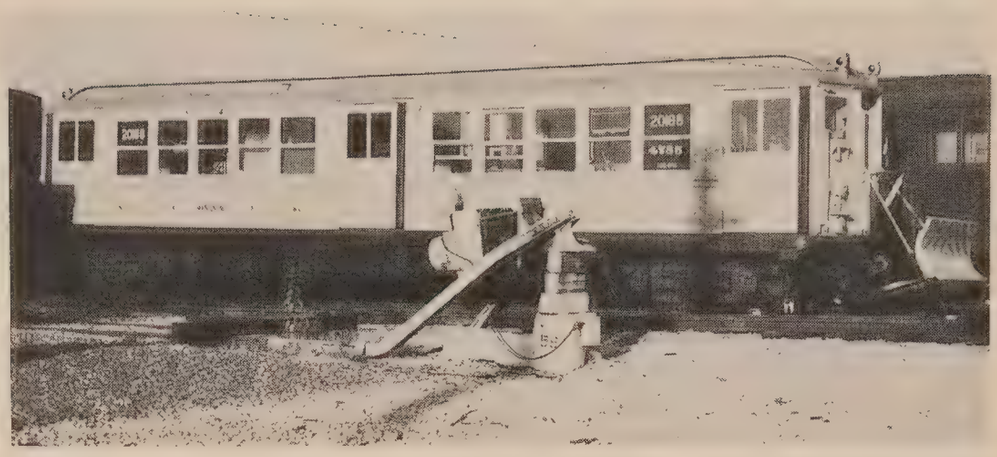
The DOT emphasis on busways is not surprising. The widely-syndicated columnist Jack Anderson reported on Sept. 11 that "opposition to rail transit" within DOT "has been instigated by the powerful highway lobby, which represents the gasoline and cement tycoons." Federal Highway Administrator Francis Turner, according to Anderson, has drafted a memo to Volpe which discourages "construction of entirely new rail-transit systems in cities that presently do not have any existing or under construction." Turner's choice for transit: busways.

In Pittsburgh, the chairman of the PAT board of directors is William L. Henry, who is also an executive vice-president of the Gulf Oil Co. Henry prefers busways, too.

A 32-page brochure discussing the advantages of rail rapid transit over the Skybus project has been written by C. D. Palmer, formerly President of Pittsburgh Railways Co. Entitled, *Transit Breakthrough*?, it is published by South Hills Transit Committee, Box 184, Bethel Park, Pa. 15102; 50¢.

Mr. Palmer, after 40 years experience with Pittsburgh Railways, later became a member of the Port Authority of Allegheny County board, the only member to have an engineering background. Nevertheless, his constant objection to the Skybus proposal led the County Commissioners to choose to remove him. His replacement was a nun.

Public Service Co-ordinated Transport, largest operator of mass transit lines in New Jersey for many years, now has a new name. It is *Transport of New Jersey*. John J. Gilhooley is chairman and chief executive officer.

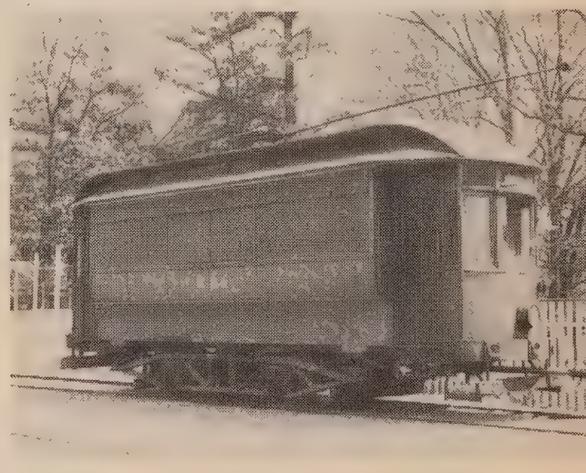


Ever see a subway-elevated snowplow? Or any car having two different numbers? This one operates in New York City as work motor No. 20188 on the BMT Division and No. 4785 on IRT Division. An end-of-track bumper stands in foreground.
Victor Rucklin, 216 W. 46th St., New York, N.Y. 10036

PSCT in past years operated many trolley and bus routes. Today the new company still operates bus routes, but the Newark city subway trolley line is the only rail service run by the company; this being continued only begrudgingly.

PORT OF NEW YORK AUTHORITY's feasibility study of a new rail tunnel under the Hudson River in the general vicinity of 48th Street moved ahead with an announcement by James C. Kellogg III, Chairman of the bi-state agency, that preliminary test borings will be made in order to determine the physical characteristics of the underlying soil and rock.

The study of a new rail tunnel under the Hudson River into a terminal in mid-Manhattan was initiated last February at the request of Governor William T. Cahill of New Jersey. It is being carried out in close co-operation with the New Jersey Department of Transportation and the Metropolitan Transportation Authority.



Ex-passenger car of Union Street Ry., New Bedford, Mass., seen in May, 1935.
John F. Keavy, Jr., Fall River, Mass.

WASHINGTON, D.C., Metropolitan Transit Authority received a record number of unpriced proposals for construction of 300 new subway cars for the new rapid transit line being built in the District of Columbia and its suburbs. Six bids were received.

Bay Area Rapid Transit has 4 types of machines at each station: fare gates, money changers, ticket vendors, and "add-fare" devices.

Interurban cars of Quebec Railway, Light & Power Company are waiting in yard at Quebec, P.Q. in August 1952, after running to St. Joachim, 25 miles distant.
William E. Warden, Jr., 1216 Shamrock Lane, Waynesboro, Va. 22980

This is believed to be the highest number of proposals submitted for cars in the last quarter-century. Generally, other U.S. transit systems receive two to three bids.

Submitting technical proposals to Metro were the Rohr Corp. of Chula Vista, Calif.; Vought Aeronautics of Dallas, Texas, a division of Ling-Temco-Vought; Toshiba International Corp., Tokyo, Japan; St. Louis Car Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Pullman Standard, Chicago, Ill.; and General Electric Company.

Metro will have 556 cars in its fleet. The vehicles will be of aluminum or steel, electrically powered, with a maximum speed of 75 miles per hour. They will be air-conditioned, with double windows of bronze-tinted polycarbon and glass. Operated in "married" pairs, each car will weigh about 70,000 pounds.

Metro operations are scheduled to begin in March, 1974. The first 300 cars will be needed for operations through 1975. The entire 98-mile regional transit network is scheduled for completion by the end of 1979.

VANDALISM and crime continue to make news on urban area rapid transit lines. The Illinois Central Railroad in its newsletter to riders, *Hello!*, felt it should explain why passengers on the Blue Island line experienced delays last August.

A fire severely damaged the station at Racine Avenue. Investigating officers believe the huge blaze was no accident and IC's police are following up several clues. This incident of apparent arson is just another case of senseless vandalism against railroad property. All along its lines IC is experiencing incessant and increasing damage to track and switches, cars and stations. At the minimum, vandalism is troublesome and expensive. At the maximum, vandals could cause a tragic loss of life by tampering with equipment, such as nearly happened on the South Chicago branch a while back when some boys wedged bicycle handlebars into a switch.

Vandalism is the reason IC and the phone company have given up trying to install new pay phones on platforms. Vandalism is the reason why IC cannot leave washrooms unlocked, why many warming house furnaces often are out of commission during winter, and why so many stations have broken windows, smashed doors and defaced walls.

Probably the most disgusting note of all on vandalism is that about a week after new Highliner 1501 arrived from St. Louis and began its proving runs, a thrown missile broke the outer pane of one of the tinted double pane windows. (The inner pane of safety glass withstood the impact.) Replacement cost: $30 for labor and materials.

According to Robert Divorky, Kansas City, Mo.,

"A study released by the National Transportation Safety Board deplored the fact that rail commuter and subway lines in big cities have had to resort to 'prison-like' methods to protect passengers.

" 'The rail rapid transit industry is being forced into protecting the safety of its passengers by means that were formerly associated only with correctional institutions, such as steel cages and fences, unbreakable plastic windows, security police and police dog protection,' the report said.

" 'Unfortunate as it may be, protection against vandalism and assault is now a necessary consideration in most rail rapid transit design and in maintenance work.' "

Because station window breakage is so common, the Illinois Central in future will use General Electric's tough *Lexan* plastic instead of glass in replacing its station windows along the commuter electric lines and elsewhere.

IN CASE readers have not as yet received mail bearing a stamp featuring San Francisco cable car 506 approaching the crest of Hyde Street

Karl R. Zimmerman, 70 Valley Rd., Glen Rock, N.J. 07452
South Shore freight train with ex-New York Central motors runs through a tree-shaded street in Michigan City on a beautiful midsummer day in 1971.

This old photograph was made (but not by Virgil Staff) in Honolulu, Hawaii, at Fort and King streets in about 1936, when buses were first being used there in addition to trolleys. No. 82 was originally an open car but had been reconditioned. The trolley following it in the distance was still an open type. This was in the era before miniskirts.
Abbott G. Bucher, 237 S. Third St., Lewisburg, Pa. 17837

Hill, we can tell them that this is one of four 8-cent stamps printed in panes of 32 stamps for the conference of the National Trust for Historic Preservation held at San Diego, Calif. which started last October 29th. The three other stamps show a whaling ship, an Arizona mission building and the Decatur House in Washington—all National Trusts.

Cable car 506 is said to have been built for an 1894 fair at Golden Gate Park, although it has been rebuilt in many ways since then. It survived the 1906 San Francisco fire and still operates today along with its contemporaries and some new cable cars built along identical lines.

The United States has never issued a postage stamp showing a street railway vehicle except for a distant view of the Eads bridge at St. Louis in an 1898 stamp that, at the time, cost $2. Today, it's worth a few hundred times more than that, not because of the trolleys, but because so few $2 stamps were ever issued back then.

New Electric Publications

The Cable Car in America, **by George W. Hilton, 484 pages, 8½x11″, hard cover, published by Howell-North Books, $17.50. At last we have the entire story of every cable streetcar line that operated in the United States, along with excellent photographs. Also listed are known projected lines and cable lines in foreign lands. Every facet of cable car operation is covered in great detail: the car, the grip, the cable, the conduit and the powerhouse, accompanied with drawings or photographs, so that one can almost learn how to splice a cable for repair purposes. The author tells the story of cable roads starting from what he considers to be the first in America—Charles T. Harvey's Greenwich Street elevated that opened in New York City in 1868. He covers all 29 cities that operated them to the present last survivors in San Francisco.**

The cable car was developed only a little earlier than the electric streetcar which replaced it a few years later. As compared with cost estimates for the trolley car, cable line construction was about four times as expensive. Only Boston, of all large American cities, never had cable cars, due to narrow streets and water barriers. Thus it was saved the expense of ripping up cable installations a few years after they were built, as happened in most other American cities.

The Trolley—Triumph of Transport, **by William M. Moedinger, 34 pages, 8½x11″, stapled binding; $1.25 (Pa. residents add 6% sales tax) from Applied Arts Publishers, Lebanon, Pa. 17042. Here is a condensed story of the era between animal propulsion and the internal combustion motor, when the trolley was the most outstanding feature of the American urban scene. In some ways this condenses the highlights of such books as *The Time of the Trolley* and *Trolley Car Treasury* to 32 pages, including photos. The author is an official of the Strasburg Rail Road; many of the illustrations are from old trolley lines of eastern Pennsylvania. It's an attractive book to thumb through and should sell well.**

Electric Cars and Trucks, **a reprint of an 1895 catalogue originally issued by J. G. Brill Company, 122 pages, 11x8½″; $5.00 from Harold E. Cox, 80 Virginia Ter., Forty Fort, Pa. 18704. This descriptive catalogue designed for orders of a wide variety of trolleys contains many sketches and detailed descriptions of about 60 different cars.**

Elmira & Chemung Valley Trolleys, **by William R. Gordon, 166 pages, 8½x11″, from the author at 232 Beresford Rd., Rochester, N.Y. 14160; $5.95 soft cover, $7.95 hard cover. Contains anecdotes and photos of trolleys of Elmira; also Elmira, Corning & Waverly Traction; Corning & Painted Post St. Ry.; Waverly, Sayre & Athens Traction; and Hornellsville Electric Railroad.**

The Era of Streetcars in Winnipeg (1881 to 1955), **by Herbert W. Blake, 80 pages, 8½x11″, soft cover, stapled binding; $3.00 from the author at 237 Campbell St., Winnipeg 9, Manitoba. Those interested in Canadian trolleys will like this work by a local Winnipeg fan, for little has been written of the sizeable Winnipeg system. More than half of this book is given over to photographs of the cars from early horsecar days to the end in 1955. Not covered is the interurban system that ran from Winnipeg to Selkirk and Stonewall, abandoned over 30 years ago. This will be the feature of a subsequent book now in preparation by the author.** ●

To save time, send *Transit Topics* mail directly to Stephen D. Maguire, P.O. Box 51, Belmar, N.J. 07719.

PASSENGER TRAIN SURVEY

AFTER being in business only five months, Amtrak wants Congress to put up an extra $170 million to keep the trains moving for another year.

The quasi-public National Railroad Passenger Corp. took over the nation's rail passenger network May first with predictions from Transportation Secretary John A. Volpe that it would be able to show a profit "within three years." Amtrak officials are said to have told the Transportation Department they could use as much as $500 million in additional funds. However, the request was scaled down to $170 million and sent to the Office of Management & Budget, where it could be cut again.

The Wall Street Journal quoted an anonymous rail executive as saying that a daily 300-mile run his road makes for Amtrak costs $11 a mile to operate, while revenues of only 60 cents a mile have been coming in, on the average. He complained that while there were only passengers enough for one or two cars, Amtrak "insists on six or seven cars every day."

Apparently operating costs are much greater than Amtrak anticipated. $160 million will likely be the amount requested of Congress. But, said the *Journal,* a political furor is expected, since Amtrak assured Congress initially that the $40 million plus $100 million in guaranteed loans that Amtrak started with would be enough to hold it until it reached the break-even point, expected in about two years. Amtrak's current projections are for a loss of $150 million a year. Its president, Roger Lewis, reportedly wants to use the initial capital for capital improvements such as new equipment, and ask Congress to allot money to cover operating deficits.

Despite its grossly inadequate financing, Amtrak is making a gallant effort. Major improvements in rail service may be in force before you read these words. One of Amtrak's vice presidents, Harold L. Grahame, said the new timetables would probably include the greatest number of railroad schedule changes of any timetable in the past ten years—such as:

Increase the current train schedule of three round trips a day between Washington and Boston to seven a day. By mid-December, overnight sleeping car service between Boston, New York and Washington also may be restored.

Reinstate the wintertime *Florida Special* between New York and Miami with non-stop service between Richmond and Florida to cut the trip time from 24½ hours to less than 23 hours.

Provide direct service for the first time between Milwaukee and St. Louis.

Revise transcontinental schedules to provide better connecting service in Chicago.

Reschedule the one remaining Chi-

Southern Pacific train near Keddie, California, on 23rd of April, 1964.
Harold Estudillo, Jr., 850 Cinnabar St., San Jose, California 95126

Last day of branch-line rail-mail service in eastern Canada was January 9, 1971. Canadian National train 718 (formerly M-244) is taking mail aboard a railway post office car for last time at Chester, Nova Scotia, 52 miles from Halifax.
E. F. Bowes, 6941 Tupper Grove, Halifax, N.S., Canada

cago-Florida passenger train, the *South Wind*, to leave Chicago in the evening instead of the morning.

Offer through service, without a change in trains, between Boston and Miami, Boston and New Orleans, and Boston and Chicago.

One wisecracker says: "If the railroads are run by private enterprise, that's called capitalism. If they're owned and operated by Government, that's called socialism. If they operate under a scheme that combines the worst features of both systems, that's called Amtrak."

Western Airlines has proposed a cooperative effort with Amtrak which would include air-rail promotion of western travel with joint tours and ticketing, interline agreements, and acceptance of each carrier's exchange orders. Western is also ready to aid in training ticket and travel agents and in advertising. Aimed at strengthening rail passenger service, the proposal would mean a fast jet flight to western tourist locations with a leisurely rail trip through scenic areas.

A HIGH-SPEED passenger railroad should be built along the Eastern Seaboard linking Boston, Atlanta, and Miami, according to John Ingram, Federal Railroad Administrator. He says that unless such a system is set up, "there looms the possibility of the nation's 200th birthday being celebrated with the world's biggest traffic jam." Mr. Ingram estimates that such a line would cost about $2 billion and would have to be financed by both Federal and private funds. Nevertheless, he points out, only railroads offer the kind of transportation which would discourage the use of automobiles and thus tend to prevent highway congestion.

Recently the ICC approved a new form of travel—rail transport of travelers with their automobiles — in specially designed trains. Auto-Train Corp. of Washington, D.C., has been authorized to begin service between the Washington area and Sanford, Fla., via the RF&P and Seaboard Coast Line. Passengers on these runs will ride in double-deck Vistadome coaches. Their autos will be carried on the same train in enclosed, bi-level cars. The new service will mark the first large-scale rail transport of passengers with their automobiles in North America.

TOO bad the UP-Milwaukee Road station at Aberdeen, Wash., built in 1912, was closed last November first. I enjoyed Frank Shaffer's article, "Union Station," in November *Railroad*. I hope many of these beautiful buildings can be preserved, not as museum pieces but as essential parts of rail travel which is making a partial comeback under the progressive Amtrak management. If Amtrak officials really wish to get more people to ride trains, they'll have to cut the exorbitant fares now charged in some areas. For instance, east of Chicago fares are almost six cents a mile for one-way coach travel. West of Chicago the fares average less than four cents a mile.—Henry Korman, 2640 Garfield St., Longview, Wash. 98632.

WHY don't they designate a few tables in every dining car "For Non-Smokers Only"? We're tired of air pollution, especially at meals.—H. E. Carroll, Richmond, Va., in *Passenger Train Journal*.

COLLECTORS of railroad items should get a copy of the Toronto, Hamilton & Buffalo timetable. That road offers the only international rail passenger service between the U.S. and Canada—and does so without help from Amtrak. How long this service will continue is anybody's guess. It is a disgrace that no *first-class* passenger train crosses the international border; but the one Budd car, without amenities, that the TH&B operates as a connecting line between the Penn Central and the Canadian Pacific is better than nothing. The timetable is obtainable at the TH&B station, Hamilton 28, Ont., Canada.—Thomas T. Taber, Madison, N.J.

YARDMASTER

by Harry Bedwell

Illustrated by Ted Xaras

I HAD JUST GOT a company wire that sent me slamming out of the yard office in search of a culprit. You see, I like to clean things up as they come along. Unexpectedly, a guy loomed in the doorway at the same time I did and we came together in a cornfield meet, but I blasted right on. The Old Man's telegrams are not safe to live with till they're answered. Anything else that happens doesn't mean much unless you've satisfied him.

Then I heard pursuing footsteps crunching in the cinders, tramping along just behind me, and a voice drawled, "Are you Yardmaster Morgan?"

"Hell, yes," I said, without glancing back, "and what of it?"

"Need any men, Mr. Morgan?"

"If I did, what could you do?" I flung over my shoulder.

"Well," that voice continued above the grind of our feet, "I could hold your job for a week or two till I got something better."

I missed a step and stopped. You don't run the Goshen yard of the Southwestern Pacific long without seeing all kinds of switchmen. They're a transient commodity on the high desert. Boomers come and go with the seasons, mebby sooner. My first good look at this one revealed a considerable nose jutting from a long, ramshackle face, and a tall, hunking body. The gray eyes were a bit watery, but had a flicker that didn't miss much.

"Okay, I'll listen to you."

"Boss," the man said, "all we want is to do a little switching for you. Heavyfoot and me." He nodded toward something that seemed to be peering over his shoulder. "Heavyfoot Sullivan, that is. Roach is my name—'Rowdy' Roach."

"Sure," I said. "I'll bet you've both got more names than we have boxcars."

I moved around to look at the second man. He was built like a gorilla, and his expression showed the disposition of one. His legs were short and bent at the knees. His arms hung away down. His face was full of little wrinkles and his round eyes were dull.

He just stood there and blinked. I must have stared so hard that he got restless and moved his feet. They looked like two-foot lengths of four-inch planking. There's no law against switchmen having big feet, but you couldn't see how he'd kept the wheels from trimming these down.

The two men were as sweet a pair of miscreants as ever bunched it, but you always needed switchmen in the Goshen yard; and anyhow, you can't tell about boomers till you've tried them. Often they know more about the business than you do.

"Yeah?" I scoffed at Rowdy Roach. "Where'd you ever do any switching?"

That man gestured. He tossed both arms in all directions, including down, to show that he'd worked everywhere but here.

"And besides that," he stated, "I've been night yardmaster at Pocatello and trainmaster on the Lucin Cutoff."

"Of course," I said. Boomers weren't considered competent unless they had held those two jobs, so most of 'em swore they had. "Now, let's hear how good you are."

"Mister," he said solemnly, "give me an engine and a willing hogger and I'll show you how to shuffle them. And Heavyfoot is one of the best pinners that ever smashed his foot with a switch ball."

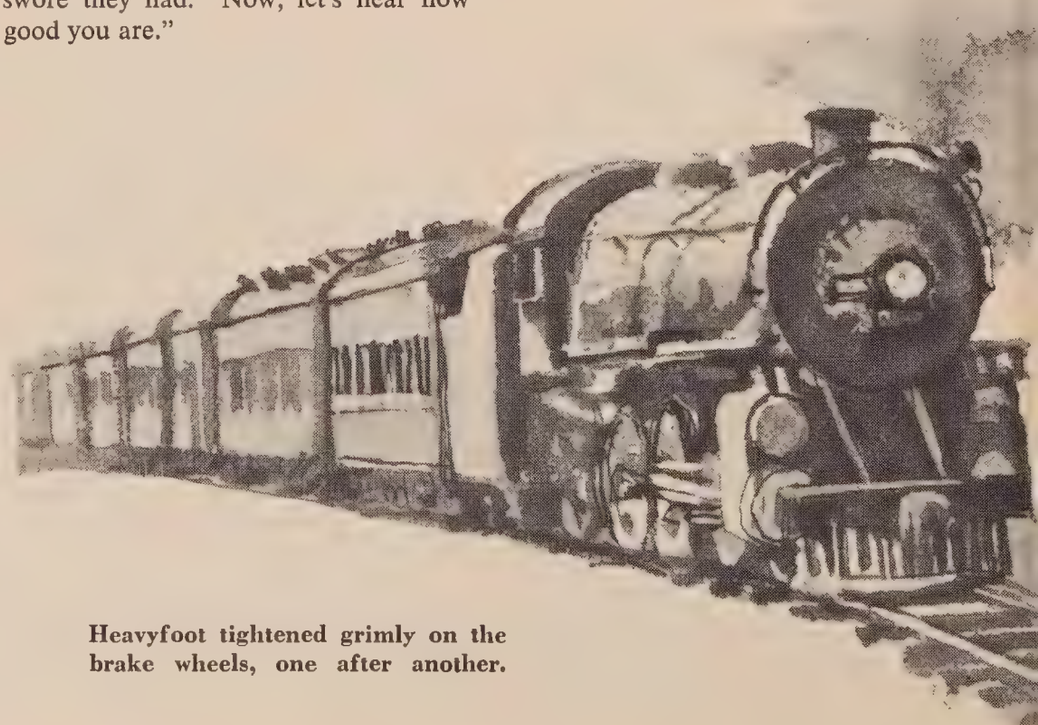
The creature behind him stirred his big feet and growled.

"He's a little ominous sometimes," Roach amended, "but he can toss them exactly where they ought to be."

I said, "Yeah? Well, this yard mostly slants. It's not the kind to field in."

GOSHEN yard was on a slant. You couldn't stand a car on any of the sloping sidings without the brakes tied down. The fielder had to "go high" on nearly every cut, scramble to the top and set the hand brakes—and usually do it fast, 'specially if the engineer kicked them to you. It was a job for a monkey and Heavyfoot looked more like one than anything I'd ever seen there before.

Roach went on: "We can do any kind of switching you've got. Heavyfoot



Heavyfoot tightened grimly on the brake wheels, one after another.

can stand them on their noses in the field at any given spot, no matter how hard the kick. And I've been known to make them fit in the time allowed."

I wasn't smart enough to figure this pair. All I could do was hire them and see what happened. "If you want to take what I hand out," I offered, "go back to the yard office and ask the clerk for application blanks."

And I went on across the yard to the hot track to find out what the old man wanted to know.

BOOMER switchmen are an independent breed whose feet tickle easy, and mostly only that type came to Goshen. It was a tough spot, a junction yard out in the sticks that mining developments had given more business than it had capacity; a hill yard and a hard layout to control cars in. Switching down hill, you had to start a track with six or eight cars tied down and then blocked.

Any little slip, and a cut of cars dropped down a siding to smash up men and equipment, or hop into the gulch that bounded it on the east.

Switching against the hill, you tried to couple onto the string with every cut so as to hold them. But they didn't always make the coupling. Even if you tied them down tight with the hand brake they'd sometimes sneak back on you, drift down, and mebby sidewipe the engine. So you also blocked them with a chunk or a spike under the wheels, and even then they'd sometimes ride the block. You kept your eyes open to cover two or three operations at the same time.

The congestion, plus the fact that cars wouldn't stand still, made the work hard and hazardous. So it was just a stopping off place for floaters to get the wrinkles out of their bellies. Some of that breed were tough for the yardmaster to get along with. They'd stand for a reasonable amount of cussing out, but if you bore down too hard you'd sure set them adrift again.

The oldest yarn that came out of Goshen was on the boomer who'd just gone to work. He caught a cut of four to start a track with. He wasn't used to cars getting in a hurry so quick, and he didn't move fast enough. When they got down to the end of the siding and the cut was still rolling fast, he couldn't handle them. So he unloaded and watched them hop into the gully and pile up. Then he walked back to meet his foreman.

"Boss," says the boomer, very placid, "you'll have to cut me four more cars just like them last. 'Cause I sure lost the first ones."

I GOT the job as yardmaster mostly because nobody else wanted it at the time. When Gail, our youngster, got infected lungs and I knew I'd have to go away to some high and dry climate, old Shamus Roark plugged me for the Goshen job.

Shamus was the yardmaster. I asked him: "What in hell made you think I could run that outfit? It's rated a tough assignment."

"I've just got a hunch," replied Shamus with a wink, "that you're dumb enough to handle it."

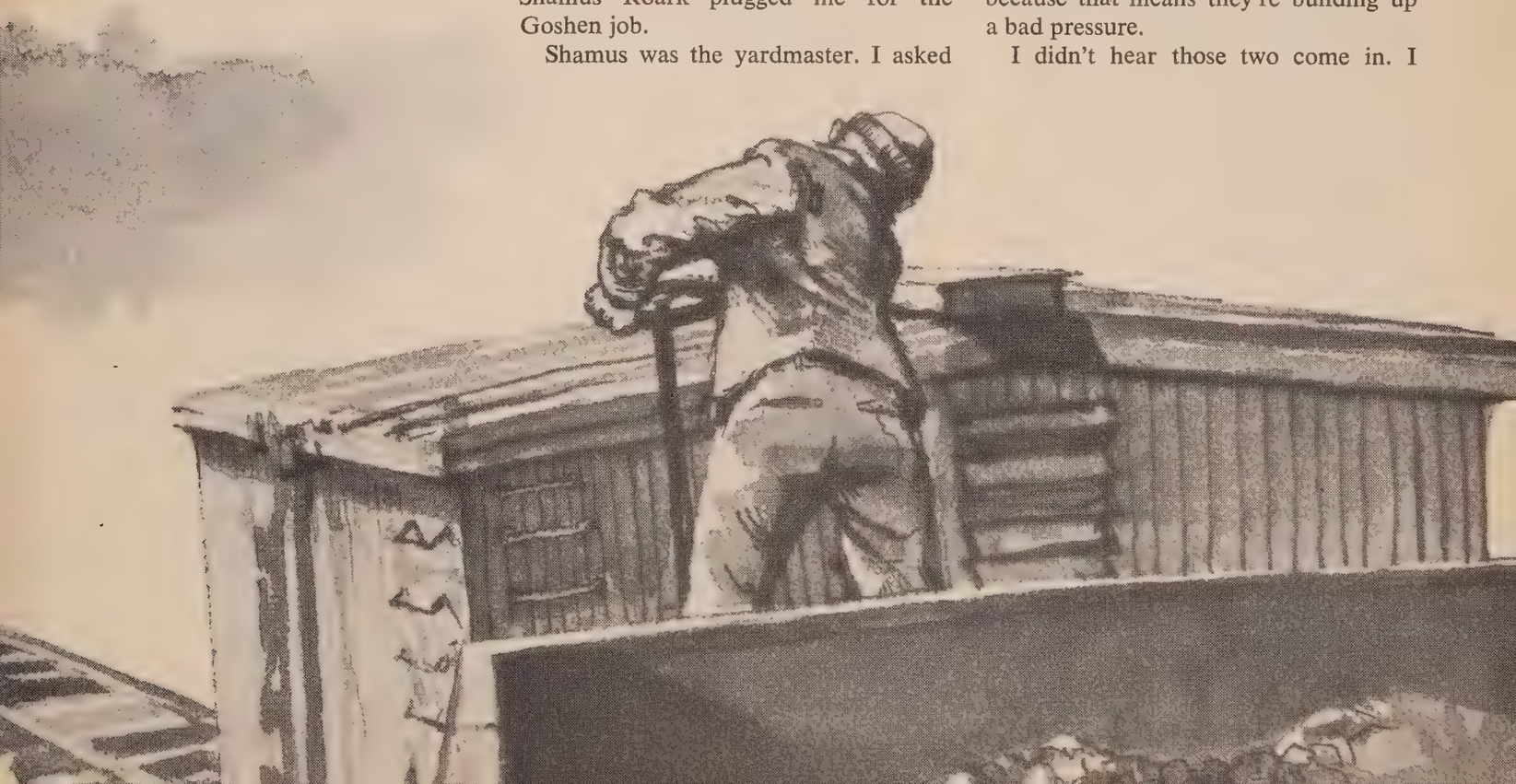
I got by Welby, the superintendent, on my size. The Old Man had come up through the rough, wild days when size had a lot to do with how well you got along; and when he estimated my tonnage he didn't check much farther.

"You should be able to make those wild Indians in the Goshen yard stay on the reservation and do a job," he said.

And then he talked fatherly to me, Welby did. Cautioned me about letting cars get away on the steep sidings, and not to get blocked when business came in chunks. Said to keep in close touch with the EP&SC yard we interchanged with, so as to know as far ahead as possible what they were sending over to us, and doing the same by them; and about being fair and firm; and not to hire anybody with tuberculosis, because while the climate attracted them there, the work was killing.

That first morning when Rowdy and Heavyfoot came to work, most of the day crews had already assembled in the yard office and were going over the switch lists, beefing and growling like they do when they start the day. It sounds like an insurrection is about to break out when switchmen line their work, but they're just warming up. If they don't squawk you'd better look out, because that means they're building up a bad pressure.

I didn't hear those two come in. I



knew it without looking up. The barking and grumbling ebbed out of that room like water when the bottom drops out of a bucket. That silence was about as loud as a boiler explosion.

I was going over some work with Frith, one of the engine foremen, and Frith was using his voice that you could hear across the yard with five engines going. He stopped suddenly, but his mouth stayed open and his eyes turned glassy.

Then I looked up. Roach was just inside the door, with Heavyfoot behind him as usual. Everybody in the room was looking at them. You couldn't help staring at Heavyfoot the first time you saw him. He shaped up like something out of a zoo. It took time to make up your mind that he was human.

THE DEAD silence and the stares would have flustered most men coming into a strange group, new on the job. Usually you duck for a spot to get out of the direct line of their eyes. You go some place where you can lean on something.

But it didn't seem to bother those two. Roach, light on his feet as if his legs were steel springs, stared back, just careless, taking the inspection and making one of his own. Heavyfoot blinked his eyes unconcerned and just stood there. Mebby he was used to being stared at.

Rowdy took his time. He examined each man like he was photographing him on his mind, an insolent, go-to-hell stare that was hard for some to meet. Down the line his eyes drifted till they came to Frith. Then they stopped and stood still and seemed to chill like sun on ice, green and glittery. I'd say there was poison in that glare.

I saw Frith's hand on the counter clamp tight, and the huge foreman let go a hard breath. He was the kind who always talks first and positive, then mebby uses his head afterwards.

Rowdy looked him over very careful and said, "Hello, Jake!"

Frith got hold of something loose inside of him. He shoved himself off the counter and tramped across the room, his big face in a grin.

"If it ain't Rowdy Roach," he yelled. "Even the best of us get down to the Goshen yard some day. And Heavyfoot trailin' along like old times."

But he didn't hold out his hand. He started to, but Roach's eyes stopped him. He stood close and mumbled. Rowdy's expression didn't change. He just looked as if anything Frith said would be used against him.

Then I noticed Heavyfoot. His face and eyes had come to life. I got the notion the funny-looking man wanted to take Frith in two great hands and pull him apart. And I knew he could do it. I don't scare easy, but watching him I got a chill in my neck.

The crews muttered again. Then they talked loud and moved their feet. Frith went out, while Rowdy and Heavyfoot drifted over to me. You couldn't run Goshen yard and let dispositions get under your skin. You had to take them as they came, try them out, and keep the best and the passables as long as you could, whether you liked 'em or not.

Frith was noisy and liked to brag. He'd try to talk everybody else down—a trick to get his own way, to cover up mistakes and slip out of work. But he was cautious about his operations, mebby too cautious.

I WAS surprised and tickled when Roach and Heavyfoot turned out good. They knew how to add them up fast and get the right answers. Pretty soon I gave Roach an engine to boss, with Heavyfoot as his fielder. Then right away I saw that wasn't going to ease my worries much. They seemed pretty reckless for a hill yard.

Roach kept them rolling fast. Given a job, he'd complete it on time, or a little better, even if he had to take chances. A live, squirming devil inside made him do all kinds of fantastic stunts to get the work done, operations that were risky when copied by lesser men. And that same devil made him prod others who got in his way, which resulted in some critical and heart-weakening incidents.

That guy would try anything. He was good and he knew it. I like a man to declare himself if he can perform. It's the fellows who can't come up to their own estimates that I don't hold with. Rowdy seemed to know how to keep just within the thin line of disaster. But he was close to it so much of the time that I had chronic palpitations.

Heavyfoot was fast. He looked awkward and moved in funny jumps when in a hurry, but he'd throw his big feet and cover the ground. He could go up the side of a boxcar quicker than anybody I've ever seen. He didn't use the sill step. He'd jump high and grab a rung halfway up, and then his long reach took him over the top in the next grab. He could tighten a brake with a wrench that looked like it would strip the trucks from cars moving fast, and clamp it so hard that other switchmen couldn't release it without a club, which most of them used in that hill yard.

Heavyfoot was glum and glowering. I think everybody was kinda scared of him, as I was, watching him bound over the sidings and up a car, like a baboon was loose in the yard.

A hard pair to figure. Roach was all the time prodding Heavyfoot into red-eyed fury, and then would pacify him quick and good-natured. I've seen Heavyfoot look like he was going to break Rowdy apart. He never quite got that far, but some days I thought he would.

With that personal devil squirming in Rowdy, he couldn't help being sarcastic. One day I saw him shoving cars alternately into three sidings, a good way apart, and distributing them fast. He had Heavyfoot chasing back and forth like a kangaroo. Finally Heavyfoot let one car get by him, and it slammed into the string.

"You've got to move it, you son of a bitch," Roach drawled, "or do you want me to hand them to you tied to the goat?"

Heavyfoot walked toward his tormentor slow and plodding. Roach watched till he got close, then raised a hand.

"Excuse me, Heavyfoot," he said, very polite. "That was my error. And now forget it."

Heavyfoot stopped, muttered to himself, and turned away.

ALL IN ALL, I'd call 'em a tough pair that wouldn't mind cutting your throat. Then to prove I wasn't right about that, one day they did a real nice thing.

I'd hired a kid and was having trouble making him fit. He was a big, blond youngster, slow and dumb—the kind who takes time to learn new things, but when he gets them they stick. Not much experience, but dead willing, and I figured he'd stay a long while if I could get him broke in. I put him in the field with Frith, but the engine foreman turned him in the first day. Wouldn't work him.

The kid showed up next morning, and I didn't know where to put him so's to give him a chance to learn. I needed him bad, but I couldn't figure a foreman who'd take the time to show him. I didn't consider that Rowdy would at all.

But between him and Heavyfoot they must have seen what I was up against that morning. I noticed Heavyfoot looking at the kid, and then he said something to Roach. His pal looked sharp at the kid, too. Then he came over to me casual.

"Mr. Morgan, why don't you give us the child to break in?" he said. "Let him pin it. We can carry him till he learns."

I was so surprised that all I could say was: "Okay. He's yours."

They put the boy through, and he turned out all right. The funny thing was, he didn't want to leave those two buddies when the time came for me to shove him along to a night crew.

And one day when I was talking with Rowdy out in the yard, a man hit me for a job. I turned him down easy. Said I didn't need any help.

"Why didn't you take him?" Rowdy asked after the man had gone. "You've got a place for him."

I said: "You could see he has T.B., and it's against orders to hire men with busted lungs. The work here'd kill him quicker than the bugs."

"But what the hell would he care?" Rowdy's voice was low and bitter.

I got a whiff of how hostile Roach and Frith were toward each other, and their dispute wasn't easing up. Frith tried to ride Rowdy at the jump, but wasn't getting any place with that. It was a carry-over from some collision they'd had before. But as long as they didn't tangle or hold up the work, I wasn't interested.

I've got a private yard office which I don't use much, except to stow my slicker and gum boots in, but Frith caught me there one day. He edged in like a man with a gold brick.

"What is it?" I cracked.

"I knew Roach before he came here," he blurted out, and looked at me to see how I took it.

"I could tell that," I said, "easy."

"Well," Frith blundered, "there is somethin' about him you oughta—"

I cut in: "I know of a man who's made millions—just 'tending his own business. If I want to know about a man, I ask him first."

"Yeah?" the engine foreman began getting loud. "But he's got no right, Mr. Morgan. He's doin' somethin' right here in this yard—"

"Listen," I snapped, "Roach is doing a helluva lot of switching here, and as long as I personally don't notice anything else about him, he keeps on doing it till he wants to quit."

"Okay, mister," Frith mumbled suddenly, "but I tried to tell you."

I NEARLY busted into one of their arguments that looked for a minute as if I'd have to move in on. I was coming up from the coal chutes one morning across the break-up sidings, where those two, with their engines and crews, were working.

Likely Frith had popped off, and Roach was giving him a going over and showing how to do a job of shuffling the mat at the same time. The two engines stormed back and forth. Pinners and fielders were on the hop, Frith doing his usual yelling, and every once in a while Roach making a remark that cut through all the noises like a stock whip.

"Just move over about an eighth of an inch to the left," said Rowdy, "and let this working outfit through."

He must have been crowding Frith pretty hard. Frith couldn't stand much pressure without popping. As I came up on the opposite side of a string of cars, the exhausts of the two engines died, one after the other, and I guessed someone was blocked. I could hear Roach's slow, sarcastic voice.

Frith boiled over. "Still think you're smarter than anybody else," he brayed. "But see what it's got you up to now. Mebby Morgan would like to know how come you're here. Fact is, I guess he would."

"I've been waiting for you to spill your guts," Roach drawled. "I figured that a bastard couldn't keep his big mouth shut this long."

I swung over the drawheads between two cars. I don't chip into these squabbles unless they look like war. This sounded to me like fighting talk, and you can't have men battling all over your yard. It stops work.

I stood up between the two cars with my feet spraddled out on the end beams. But I didn't drop to the ground on the other side. The picture developed before I could decide anything. When Heavyfoot went into action it stood you still and anxious, wondering how anybody who looked so awkward could move so quick.

Frith had taken a hostile step toward Rowdy. He was at least thirty pounds heavier, and fighting mad. But he hadn't started his second step before Heavyfoot blocked his way. The baboon seemed to slide in from the air. His long arm reached for Frith like a big snake striking.

Then Roach's voice cracked: "Don't touch him, Heavyfoot!"

The switchman froze. He brought his arm back very slow and reluctant. You could see that clumsy, red-eyed man fight with the temptation to pull Frith apart and scatter him over the switches. I thought for a second he was doing to do it. But somehow the sharp word from Roach held him back. He maneuvered his big feet so as to stand aside.

Roach grinned. "You don't want to mess up your hands with that kind of muck," he said very soft. "It's hard as hell to wash off."

Frith squawled. "It's good you got that ape to protect you."

I didn't like the situation at all, but I couldn't do anything except let it alone. Mebby it'd work itself out. I wasn't wise enough to handle it as it stood.

MYSELF, I'm a home guard. You know, the kind who sticks to one railroad all his life, but a long time ago I got over my prejudices against the drifters. Most of them are good railroaders. It seems to me the smartest men hit the boomer trail for a while. Some drift because they can't hold a job long, but most of them like to go see how somebody else is doing it. They learn new things fast and gather more experience than the home guards.

They're loyal to the iron pike and the boys they work with. The best of them have a reckless pride in their craft, a temper to do any job they're set to do. No matter how much beefing, give them a fair shake and they'll take care of any emergency. You don't hear them say so, but they'd never consider letting down an associate—even if they didn't like him. Hazards are things to take.

A fielder came in one evening when the day crews had knocked off, growling about the way his foreman had kicked some cars to him.

"The cars get headstrong on the slants," he squawked. "Don't shove 'em at me like that any more, 'cause I'm headed for Californy, not the gully."

Frith had to chip in then. "Yeah, but just try goin' into the gully. I got one life, and I'm not givin' it to the SWP. How about you, Rowdy?"

Roach drawled: "When you tie up with this game, it's like enlisting in the Army in peace time. You may never be asked to risk your life, but you're signed to do it if required."

"Not me," said Frith positively. "I don't risk mine."

"I wouldn't say that was so much to gamble," Rowdy cracked acidly.

"I'll bet I never see you doin' it," the engine foreman jeered.

"Never," said Rowdy, "is a helluva long, long time."

I was raised in the railroad racket, in train service. But when I married Jenny I got tired of being away from home half the time. So I went into the yard. It's the only game I know or care about. It's been good to me.

I like working with hard men who

know their business and don't mind standing on their hind legs and saying out loud what they think. I like to hear the big hogs hollor when they take hold of a drag. It's a fine sight to watch a freight train, the cars chuckling at the rail-joints and seeming like they are busy and happy always going some place. Moving the merchandise is a great life.

THEN one day I got jarred by Heavyfoot calling on me at my house. I'd never before seen him and his pal except together and in the yard. You didn't find them around town of nights. When that baboon showed up at my place one evening, I didn't like it.

After my wife, Jenny, had washed the supper dishes, the three of us, with Andrew the pup, were on the front porch and I was taking Gail's report. The daughter likes to give me what's happened during the day. Gail is eight; and I'd run the Goshen yard, or switch coal in hell, if that were demanded of me to make that child well.

Then I saw the underslung figure of Heavyfoot shuffling along the sidewalk in the moonlight, and I got a prickling feeling up the back of my neck. I couldn't get used to the fact that anything built like him, with his strength, could be human. I was always expecting him to go on a rampage and tear up everything in sight.

When he was with Roach, you felt that mebby Rowdy could control him. But roaming around at night alone, he seemed ominous. As he turned in at my gate, I had a time keeping my seat. But the biggest surprise was that Heavyfoot took off his hat politely as he spoke.

"Mr. Morgan," said he, "Rowdy and Frith do not get along. They have had disagreements before. I wish you would please fire one of them. Either one. It will save you trouble later on."

That big gorilla never did anything you expected him to. I just sat there taking time to assemble his words, trying to understand what he meant. But I couldn't grasp anything except what he'd actually said.

"Look," I countered, "if I fire Roach, do you go with him?"

The answer came quickly.

"Certainly," Heavyfoot said, and I didn't like the way he said it.

Standing there in the moonlight at the foot of the porch steps beside Gail, his hat in his hand, he looked like something fresh out of the jungles.

I got the creepy notion that Heavyfoot wasn't making his request for the good of either Rowdy or the engine foreman. He had some scheme of his own. He was mebby following Roach around the country like a kind of Nemesis. Some time, when he got the right opportunity, he was going to eliminate the other guy, and he didn't want anybody else, such as Frith, to spoil the job for him. I don't get hunches easy, and they're wrong too often for me to play them. But I thought I had something here.

SO I said: "I don't fire anybody, except for cause. If a man hits the ball, he goes on working here as long as he wants. What happens to him before and after, I don't bother with."

"Then I'll have to tell you about Rowdy," Heavyfoot began, slow and reluctant.

"Look," I cut in, "there's too many people trying to tell me about Roach. I don't want any of it. So that's over. Now, I'd like you to meet the wife. And this is Gail."

Heavyfoot looked at me, and his eyes seemed wistful. Then he bobbed his head at Jen and looked down at Gail and the pup. He gazed a long time, and then he said, very soft. "That must be a fine dog, Gail."

"He is one of the very best dogs that ever lived," Gail stated proudly.

Heavyfoot sat down on the step beside her, and I started up to nail him. You don't see a man that's made like a gorilla, and you consider has the disposition of one, suddenly sit down beside your little girl, and not feel like removing him right then. But Jen's hand was on my shoulder holding me back, and it made me a little tense.

Heavyfoot's paw, big enough to crush that child by just shutting his fingers, patted the pup. Andrew licked it and went back to sleep.

"Yes," said Heavyfoot, "he is one of the nicest dogs that ever lived."

"There isn't any doubt about it," said Gail. Then I saw her hand coil on one of Heavyfoot's big fingers. She couldn't span it. "I think you are a very, very kind man," she decided.

I was ready to go off like a skyrocket, but Jen was smiling that way she gets when she is sure everything is all right.

"And you are one of the nicest little girls I have ever met," said Heavyfoot. "I have a little girl, too. A very fine little girl."

To me, that didn't sound reasonable, or make sense.

"Is she pretty?" Gail asked.

"Very," said Heavyfoot, "like you."

I heard a quick step along the sidewalk then, and looked up. Roach was coming through the moonlight. He stopped at my gate and turned in.

"So this is where you live in elegance," he said. "And it's visitors' night, too," he added as he looked down at his partner.

Heavyfoot didn't answer. I'm not too smart about getting things that people say, but it still makes me sore when I can't see what's right under my nose. I couldn't get any part of what these two boomers had on their minds. But I did feel better now that Roach was there to control Heavyfoot.

I introduced him to the family, and he, too, was very polite, taking off his hat and bowing. Then he sat down on the step on the other side of Gail. He looked like he wanted to stay there and watch her for the rest of the night.

Gail spoke to him. "Do you have a little girl, too?"

"Yes," said Rowdy, slow and careful. "She's remarkably like you."

"Is she pretty?" Gail asked.

"Of course."

Grown people talk a lot of trash to kids. They tell them whatever comes into their heads. So I figured these two said what they thought would please Gail. I was getting pretty restless by the time Roach finally stood up.

"I've had a lovely visit," he told Gail. He bowed and said good night to Jen. "Going my way, Heavyfoot?"

Heavyfoot got up. He looked at me. "Like I told you before," he says, "I wish you would please fire Rowdy or Frith. It will save you trouble. Good night!"

Roach chuckled. "Heavyfoot is often quite right about things."

IT WASN'T long after that evening when a man walked into the yard office, and the first sight I had of him made me rear back. You can usually tell a railroad dick by his smell, or something.

"You got a couple of men named Roach and Sullivan working for you?" he asked me, low and mysterious.

I said: "Have you got a card to show me, just so I'd know who I'm giving information to—if any?"

He blinked. "I guess mebby your statements wouldn't be accurate enough for me, anyhow," he decided, and walked out.

When things like that keep popping there's bound to be a blow-up.

But I didn't have any hunch the morning we wrecked a lot of rolling stock that it was all coming that day. Too many things happen in the Goshen yard for any one of them to be signifi-

cant. I was going out the yard office door when I heard a crash and a roar that sounded like a string of cars oozing into the gulch. But it wasn't.

A stiff run along the congested sidings and across switches and head end cinder piles, and I was at the coal chutes where it occurred. Roach and Heavyfoot had at last gone over the thin edge of disaster!

Roach had been crowded and was doing some fast switching. Being short of both time and space, he had rammed six loads up the incline leading to the coal bunkers, the only available spot to leave them at the moment. Heavyfoot had tied them down. Then they went off to dust a siding in which to stow them.

Shortly thereafter, engine foreman Frith and his outfit came up a track parallel to the incline, pushing a long string, intended to cross over just beyond the bottom of the ramp. They had climbed the grade slow, the goat blasting hard on the push, and they didn't hardly check for the fielder to run ahead and throw the switch.

About the time the string headed through the crossover, the six cars on the incline began to drift. In the hurry of a fast job, Heavyfoot evidently hadn't set enough brakes, or hadn't tightened them sufficiently. Anyhow, the jar and blast of the passing cut started the six cars rolling down the ramp in time to sidewipe the string that Frith's engine was pushing.

A car of steel sliding down the incline collided with a car of spuds. The steel turned over to the left and spewed itself and contents down the bank, while the car of spuds it had hit turned over on its right side and landed with a roar on its back at the bottom of the fill. The next car, a load of lumber, clashed with a car of grain. Each turned over and broke apart.

By that time the engineer had decided that something had gone wrong, and he gave the situation his personal damnation and set the brakes on his engine. The fielder had been chased across the yard by the derailed cars, and Frith, it seemed, wasn't in sight during all the destruction.

It made a sweet mess. Crews congregated from all over, stood around, passed remarks and made suggestions, like they do. The fielder who had been at the switch-stand, and had nearly got himself incorporated in the wreck, came back from the other end of the yard. Frith showed up from some place, talking loud.

A check-up showed six cars on the ground and more or less damaged; some rails and ties torn from the roadbed, two switch-stands uprooted.

HEAVYFOOT climbed over the cars still on the incline, checking the tension of the hand brakes he'd set. He came down, looked at Frith, and started to say something. But he didn't say it, because I saw Roach flag him down with a hand signal. Frith shut up and edged away. I stared at Roach, but kept silent.

"My mistake, yardmaster," Rowdy drawled, looking at Frith. "An error, you might say," he added softly.

"Not your error," Heavyfoot spoke up. "I slurred it. I didn't twist enough of them. It's me."

"Shut up!" Roach snapped at him. "I'm running this crew."

Heavyfoot's eyes began to go red. "I set the brakes, but not tight enough."

"All right," Rowdy said. "Don't bust a blood vessel. I'm still running this crew, up to the point where the yardmaster says not—which is liable to be any minute now."

There was more to this than met the eye, which made me madder still. But the first thing to do with a wreck is clear it up. Afterward, you can find out how it happened.

"If I fired you," I said to Rowdy, "you'd just go on and wreck some other yard. No foolin', dinger, they may run under both of us for this. We've got to get the big hook to clean it up."

Roach admitted: "The blame's mine. They can't stick anybody else."

With the yard already crowded, and now part of it out of service, I had to put on the pressure and double my capacity for quick thinking. Two make-up sidings blocked, and the switch-stand to the stub where the company coal was stored had been knocked over. Detouring around this ruined the schedule we'd set up that morning.

I realigned the set-up as quick as I could think it out. Then I prowled the yard, trying to help the work along.

But the men had been thrown out of stride and didn't seem able to get back again. The foremen took too long to reorganize themselves. It looked like we'd have that yard tied up so tight we'd have to clear all of it with the big hook. You can't drive crews that are in a tangle. They've got to be pampered till they come out of it themselves.

To get Rowdy stirred up to show the rest of them the way, I said that mebby Frith had better take over some of his tougher assignments.

"He's been here longer than you," I told Rowdy, "and ought to do it faster. We're in a hole, mister, and we've got to work ourselves out fast."

"Does sound likely," Roach drawled. "This outfit hasn't done so well today. Heavyfoot must have had a hard night. He don't pick 'em up and lay 'em down as if he'd come awake yet. But if he slows down any more, I'll cut him off, and we'd still be able to run around Frith."

Heavyfoot was looking at the ground and I guess he didn't hear that. He seemed to be considering something that wasn't present there at the moment.

"All right," I said to Rowdy. "See what you can do, and how quick you can get it done."

ROWDY glared at me. Then he took thirty seconds to study the work ahead. He had a photographic memory. With a single glance at a switch list and the position and destination, the initials and number of every car on it were printed on his mind. He could figure his moves far ahead like a chess champion.

Then he started in to get the work done. He crowded the others, and when they got in his way he'd run around them if he had the room. And he'd ride them in that high, thin drawl of his that could cut through the stamp of exhausts and the mutter of wheels.

"Get that tin kettle out of the way and let an outfit in there that can shuffle cars!"

He kept his yard goat blasting. Heavyfoot, in the field, was bounding about like a baboon doing a war dance. But he covered the ground. All he needed was a little sign from Roach to indicate what was coming up and he was at the exact spot he should be at the second required. When their pinman wasn't fast enough, Rowdy was in there helping him.

The yard began to churn. The other foremen got sore and began cutting corners. Once in a while you'd hear the *wham* of cars in a hard couplin. Everybody was chasing the cars around that yard like cattle at a roundup. It made me dizzy and a bit uneasy. I hadn't been too smart when I miffed Rowdy into turning the pressure on the others.

Past noon, I returned to the office to check what was coming into the yard. I stopped at the door to look over the sidings that crisscrossed over the hill. The yard was roaring and squirming. Work was beginning to shape up. If something didn't unload a batch of new trouble on me in an hour or two, and if these wild Indians didn't tear it up again, We'd soon be on top of the job.

An engine was shoving the last of a long string of empty ore cars across the main line to the EP&CS's interchange on the other side of town. Number Nine's whistle moaned up through the clear, hot air from behind the buttes beyond the flats. I had 25 minutes on Nine, and had taken a little more so as to get those ore cars out of the way. We'd been struggling all day to assemble them. It pleased me to realize that we'd have them out of the yard and the main line clear before Nine showed.

A locomotive exhaust brayed at the upper end of the yard. Frith's goat was blasting down the long siding we'd just cleared of ore cars. She was shoving nine cars of company coal and a boxcar of company material. The section gang had just got the switch-stand to the spur set up and working, and Frith would stow the ten cars down there where they belonged at the lower end of the yard.

Those ten cars had been in the way all day. They'd been shuttled all over the place till everybody was sick of the sight of them. Any time they had been shoved into a siding, someone had immediately thereafter to switch them out again to get cars behind them. Frith hung onto the side of a car of coal, and his fielder held to the boxcar, which was at the head end of the string, ready to drop off and open the switch to the stub. The pinman was on the engine footboard, set to cut the string loose when Frith signaled.

Frith had them moving fast down the grade, a lot faster than he usually rolled them, and I'd just wondered why when I saw the reason. Roach's long engine was blaring down a parallel siding, aiming to pass him. Rowdy wanted to get ahead of Frith before he blocked him crossing over to the stub. He had to snag out some loads from a siding beyond, for a westbound he was making up, and he didn't want to be held up by Frith cutting over in front of him.

Rowdy stood in the gangway of the cab, and the engineer had the yard goat all latched out. The pinner rode the footboard. I could see Heavyfoot away down at the lower end of the yard where the westbound was being made up. He was connecting the air.

FRITH was all wound up. Excited and tickled that he had a chance to block Rowdy for a few minutes and give him the horse-laugh. He forgot to be prudent. He signaled quick, sharp twists of the arm to his hogger for more speed. He wasn't watching anything but Rowdy's goat gaining on him. The drum of those two stacks rolled over the yard like stormy weather.

Rowdy's engine caught up with Frith's and roared past. Roach, swaying in the gangway, signaled some nice insults at the engine foreman, hanging to the car of coal, as he drew up and by him. Frith yelled and signaled his engineer again.

It was too chancy an operation. I swore, whistled, and waved at Frith to slow down, but he didn't hear or see me. He was all bound up in doing Rowdy a little dirt and not watching his operations close enough.

Roach with his lone engine wasn't doing anything hazardous. He was in the clear. But Frith was shoving a string of loads down grade and going too fast. You've got to be careful of a cut like that, with no air, on a slant.

Frith's judgment wasn't quick to act in an emergency. Playing tag like this, with everybody excited, could easy develop into a sudden accident. If that string broke loose and got away down the siding, it would either derail when it hit the spring switch to the main line, or it would roll through the switch and slam down the main line and kiss Number Nine coming up the grade. Anyhow, Frith should have checked to let Roach by. It would have saved minutes valuable in this jam.

Then Frith glanced ahead at the switch-stand he was aiming to cross over the stub. He saw it was sliding up at him so fast he'd overrun it if he didn't choke her down right then. His caution slapped him hard. Beginning to get scared, he signaled his engineer sharply to stop.

Things happen when equipment is rolling. If your mind isn't right on top of the job, a situation is likely to sneak up and hit you before you see it. 'Specially if you're intent on one thing and doing another at the same time.

Frith's hogger had his mind on nothing but racing Rowdy. Then, as he got his foreman's quick signal, he came back all of a sudden to what he was supposed to be doing. He saw the switch-stand had sneaked up close, which threw a scare into him. His hand dropped from the throttle to the brake-valve handle, and he shoved it over farther than he intended.

Air screamed; drawheads jammed. Still confused, and realizing he stood a chance of pulling a drawbar with that sudden check, he kicked off the air again.

The jerk nearly jarred the pinner from the footboard. Like everybody else in that crew, he'd been paying attention to the contest and not to his business. The slam of brakes hit him with such a shock that at first he didn't know where he was. He thought he ought to do something. The instinct blazed through him to act, and he did the thing that was on his mind at that instant.

He was expecting the next move would be a signal from his foreman to cut the string loose and drop it into the stub. So, just as the engineer kicked off the air, the pinner reached over and raised the coupling lever.

The string backlashed from the hard check to give enough slack to unlock the coupling. That string of cars was snatched from under the pinner's nose and spurted down the siding, leaving him gaping on the footboard, watching them slide away from them.

I couldn't do a thing but stand there and watch and pray. I was helpless to change the outcome by one little particular. But it wouldn't take long to come to a head. I knew the results would all go into the record within the next few pounding seconds.

THERE was plenty of trouble ahead, but it didn't mean a big disaster, yet. Frith and his fielder ought to be able to check the loose string so they'd go through the spring switch to the main line without derailing, and club them to a stop somewhere down the grade before they got into Nine.

If Nine's engineer was alert he could see the cars when they swung onto the high iron, and the upgrade would help him make a quick stop. When everybody acts like a railroad man, there isn't any smash. But Frith and his fielder would have to start winding brakes right then. The string was picking up speed fast.

But both of them were in an uproar and off center. The fielder on the head end, hanging to the boxcar, waved a washout, then started to scramble up the rungs to the top. He looked back, anxious and excited, at his foreman. It hadn't come to him yet exactly what had happened.

Frith swung up between two cars of coal and over to the brake wheel. I could see that he was scared and shaking. He gave it a whirl and started to stick his brake club between the spokes. But he was so jumpy he couldn't be accurate. He missed the wheel. The club bounced into the air and dropped between the two cars.

Whatever time it took him to figure out what had happened while he goggled down at the ties where the club

had gone, it was too long. Finally his head jerked up. He twisted the brake wheel again and swung on it. But those wheels set low at the end of open-top equipment are hard to put your weight on without a club. And Frith was so scared by now that there wasn't much guts in his swing.

He glanced back over the tops of the cars behind. The coal was beginning to shift with the rocking speed. Dust came up in black spurts and the big lumps ground together. He'd have to crawl over that animated surface to the other end to get to the next wheel. Then over the next one; and he'd lost his brake club! You could guess what was chasing through his mind from the way he acted.

Number Nine blasted for a crossing from the flats. When Frith heard it he turned that way. The passenger train was in full view now, streaking up the grade, no smoke showing. He was through with that job. He slid back to the side of the coal car, got his foot in the stirrup step, swung low and unloaded. His heels pounded the cinders hard, but he kept his feet.

The fielder was about to swing on top of the boxcar. But he was eyeing his foreman and stopped when Frith hit the ground. Mebby he felt, up there on the bucking roof, as if he was riding a big ram that was going to splatter him over the scenery.

Nine was yelling down in the flat. His foreman had deserted, and you took your signals from him. The fielder went back down the rungs in a straight fall, and followed Frith to the ground. He was young on the boomer trail. He hadn't been tempered. But he was nimble-footed and the ground didn't throw him when he hit it.

The ten madly careening cars drove on toward the spring switch and the main line—or the gulch!

I FELT like I'd suddenly gone crazy. I opened my mouth and yelled, but couldn't say anything.

There was a derailing switch just off the main line. It might as well have been cut in on the rip track for all the use it was right now. Only man-power could throw it, and I didn't know of a man near enough to reach it in the seconds left before the cars got there. A kid could have thrown that cellar switch over and tossed those cars into the gulch where they'd only destroy themselves.

But all the time I guess I had a dim hunch that the loose string wasn't going to get through the yard without somebody doing something about it. There's a lot of men scattered around, and usually someone shows up from close by in a pinch. Then I saw another element edge into the pictures.

A yard goat was blasting down the grade beside the wild cars. Roach's engine was still running alongside them. I saw Rowdy himself, still in the gangway, set exact and easy on his long legs. The engineer leaned from his cab, an ear close to Rowdy's face, as if he was taking orders from his foreman.

There wasn't much use trying to figure Rowdy. He might be clowning with disaster, or considering a way to divert it. Whatever he was up to would be accurate and sudden. At that second I couldn't see any point in keeping his engine alongside the string, but he was doing it, and he had something in his mind. He had a hold on both grabirons, and he was swaying back and forth like he was tuning up. Then I guessed he was measuring all the roaring, racing elements with his cool, reckless judgment.

The string was moving ahead of the engine. The tail end drew up even with Roach, and the yard goat's exhaust blasted harder as it increased its speed to hold that position. I saw then what he'd planned. He was going to try to board the tail end of the last car. I couldn't believe it was possible.

But Rowdy's leap was as smooth and accurate as a watch. He crouched in that narrow space between car and engine. Then he stuck himself to the rocking rear end. It didn't look to me as if he put much effort into it, like he had practiced that stunt all his life.

I'll bet the howling devil in him brayed high and long as Rowdy caught the hind end of the reeling car and juggled there. It took more than any man I know had. It called for a mastery at handling rolling equipment, the instant timing of mind and eye and muscle—but mostly a sense you can't name. Whatever it took, you could be sure that Rowdy Roach had it.

The yard goat's exhaust died. She dropped behind. Meanwhile, Rowdy didn't seem to stop moving, even to secure his hold or to let his body accelerate itself to the speed of the cars. He swung inward without checking. His feet slid along the end beam and his hands along the bulkhead. Then he turned with a flip and shifted his grip to the brake wheel.

It was like a trapeze performer swinging from bar to bar, easy and graceful. He twisted the wheel and crouched and put his weight and muscles into the final wrench that clamped the shoes to the smoking wheels.

HE SWUNG over the end gate to the top of the load, and balanced himself as he moved over the shifting coal like a dancer. You couldn't keep a footing on that uneven, restless surface, while the car plunged under you. If you put your weight on any part for more than an instant it would throw you, pitch you clear or smack you down on the big lumps. It was still a hopeless attempt, but who the hell cared for that? A man was out there trying.

You could tell somehow that Rowdy was scornful of the hazards. He always showed contempt for elements that could be brought together to trip him. He'd gamble with death and let the old boy deal the cards. He lived in those blazing seconds as lesser men wouldn't know anything about.

And no attempt was hopeless while that man was on his feet and there was a tick of time left. He skimmed over the squirming coal hardly seeming to touch it, spurning it with quick, light feet. With muscles rigidly trained to act without conscious thought, and cool mind that wouldn't be cowed, he made it. He breezed the length of the car and slid over the farther bulkhead, and in quick wrenches he set the next brake.

It still didn't do any good, but I couldn't stop my mind from running ahead to what was coming. None of it looked promising. Even if the string made it through the spring switch. Rowdy wouldn't have time to set all the brakes before he hit Number Nine. Nobody could crowd that much action into those remaining seconds.

His whole performance likely wouldn't change the outcome much. The final result would mostly depend on how close Nine was to the yard limits, to the loose cars, when her engineer saw them and set his air. Rowdy could check them, although not enough to avoid a bad smash.

But until all the elements had come together, you couldn't tell what they'd add up to. Rowdy was trying.

I didn't think anything else could come into that picture, but just then a blur caught in the corner of my eye. Something at the lower end of the yard bobbed up and down like a ball on a string. The thing swung across my vision in quick arcs that made you think of a scared grasshopper. It couldn't be human, because it was going too fast, and it wasn't running. It moved in long leaps like a ricochetting projectile. I knew in the first second it was Heavy-

foot. Any time Rowdy was in action, Heavyfoot was there or coming.

Those great feet of his made fine leverage to propel the springs of his short legs; and it seemed like the breeze caught them and let him sail through the air in glides. Even with him doing it before my eyes, I didn't believe he could cover so much territory in one jump, or do it so fast.

I thought I guessed that one. The only way Heavyfoot could change the cars' own determined destination was to throw the derail and dump them into the gulch—if he could get there in time.

He judged distance to inches and figured the speed of rolling equipment in seconds. He could size up all the elements in a switching operation with one look. So the way I lined it up, there was just one thing to do to be certain to chance the set course of events, and that was to ditch the string, turn it from the main line and Number Nine and let those ten cars break up on the rocks of the gully. Get to the derail first and then spill them!

But if he did that, Roach would be included. Mebby he wouldn't have time to unload. All this was cracking in quick seconds. Anyhow, Rowdy likely wouldn't consider it. He was the kind that stuck a thing out, wherever it took him.

ROACH came out on top of the next load of coal and danced forward. He saw Heavyfoot coming. He had his arms out to balance himself, and he waved one, then the other, at the bouncing switchman, urging him to move faster.

You knew Rowdy was aware of every item in the situation. He never missed a detail. He must have known that the only thing Heavyfoot could do to cinch the outcome was to destroy him and the cars. But he didn't seem bothered. He gave a careless wave and went on skipping over the coal.

The pictures came faster. It couldn't have been sixty seconds since the string had been turned loose from Frith's engine, but I felt like I'd been standing in front of the yard office, stiff and straining and anxious for what seemed like hours.

It looked like the race was going to be close. Then Heavyfoot hurtled. His long arms reached and flailed to help the force of the drive.

Everything was quiet in the yard now, except for the squawl of the flanges as the string dropped down the grade. Crews climbed to the tops of cars and hung on the sides of their engines, to watch the quick finish.

Heavyfoot made it to the derail before the string got there. He cleared a pile of ties. The next jump put him on top of the embankment. He skidded to a stop with the derailing switch at his feet.

I didn't like to watch him turn the cars and Rowdy Roach into a heap of wreckage on the rocks below, but I couldn't have pried my eyes away.

The big gorilla tore sheets of air out of the atmosphere with his nose and took one glance at the cars slamming at him. He seemed to be estimating every little item in the set-up as it stood at that instant. Then he moved away down the siding without touching the derail. It was just a hop for him to the main line. He did it so quick you hardly saw him move.

Then he stooped by the switch-stand. In one quick swipe he slipped his switch key into the lock, sprung it, turned the switch, clamped down the lever, and relocked it. Just a couple of quick twists of the arm and he'd opened the way from the siding so there wouldn't be any doubt about them going to the main line and down the grade into Nine.

That made me pretty sick. It was the one thing I'd *not* of done. There was always the chance the switch would have thrown the cars into the gully, and anything was better than letting them into Nine. It looked for sure like Heavyfoot had gone savage. He was trying to destroy everything he could. I cussed myself for having kept him in the Goshen yard.

He hardly checked to open the switch. Then he went on down the main line in long jumps ahead of the string. From where I was it looked as if he was just prancing up and down, like a soreheaded baboon.

It seemed comical and useless. But I knew he was jabbing holes in space with each lunge. Then I felt a little better about what he'd done. It was just bad judgment. For now he was trying as much as he could to match the speed of the string that was quickly overhauling him. It meant he would try to board that cyclone of cars.

THE STRING was smashing over the switch-points. Cars heeled, wrenched, and yelled but the flanges hung to the rails.

I'd heard good switchmen, reckless of themselves, argue what was the highest speed a boxcar could be going and you board it. Some said fifteen, some twenty, miles an hour. I'd never heard anybody brag they could hop it going much faster—and that was just argument. Nobody tried it.

So I knew Heavyfoot couldn't swing aboard that string—that head end boxcar. I was so excited that my judgment wasn't good, but I'd say it was going better than thirty. At that speed you couldn't snatch a little iron rung on the side of a swaying wall and at the same instant catch the sill step with your foot. You couldn't even see them both at the same time in the dust. Even if you did get your holds, they'd be torn loose when momentum and gravity got you. You'd be knocked into kingdom come, or rolled under the wheels.

Heavyfoot didn't seem to know that. I could see his jumps go higher as the string came close. Then he blurred with the boxcar. It was rocking like a branch in a stiff breeze when it caught up with him.

It seemed to me from the distance that without turning, at the top of a jump, he pasted himself to the side of the car, like a splinter of metal drawn by a magnet. It really looked easy from the yard office. You had to be a switchman to know it couldn't be done again with a hundred tries.

He moved up the side of the car in one long reach and drive of his toes. He came on top and had the brake wheel in the next stretch of an arm. The wheel spun under his hand. With the toe braced against the catch, he put his weight on it in a quick hard wrench.

I swear, even at that distance and above the noise of rambling cars, I heard the squeal as shoes bit into the smoking wheels. The boxcar bucked like it was going to throw itself.

Heavyfoot hopped down to the coal below in the next car behind. He slid over the bulkhead and down to the end beam. Another set of tortured brakeshoes yelled.

Smoke was boiling from the stack of Number Nine. The hogger had shut off. He blasted the whistle once. He'd seen the string when it hit the main line, and I could guess all the quick snatches he made at the levers.

I woke up when a yard goat came down the lead. I waved her down and swung aboard and told the engineer to hit the high iron. I hung out of the gangway and watched for the smoke and steam of the collision.

The string and Nine got together, but there wasn't any burst of steam. Heavyfoot and Roach had the speed choked down, and Dan Cadagan had

Nine that day. Dan is a hair-trigger eagle-eye. He'd slowed for the yard and the station, and when he saw the string slam out onto the main line, he'd had time to stop her and he had the brakes released and the Johnson bar in reverse when the drawheads met. It shook up some passengers, and there was a claim for a lady's skinned knee, but none of the equipment was on the ground.

I fell off the yard engine when she stopped at the tail end of the string, and I ran forward to check the damage. Heavyfoot was on the right-of-way, and Roach was looking down at him from the end beam of a coal car, that green glitter in his eye.

"Why in hell," Rowdy drawled, "didn't you throw the derail and ditch us? Most times you'd have missed grabbing the boxcar, then we'd really smashed up the varnish. The yardmaster should give you thirty days for that."

HEAVYFOOT reached for Rowdy with a long arm. I stopped. I thought sure he'd pull Roach down and break him into small pieces. He had that look in his red eyes and the way he moved in.

Roach grinned kind of sleepy. Then I noticed his knees buckling before Heavyfoot touched him. He leaned over. Everything seemed to let go inside him, and he fell face down.

Heavyfoot caught him as easy as if he had been a rag doll, snatched him out of the air, and held him in his arms. The red fire died out of his eyes and a scared look came on his face. I mean scared. He set Rowdy on his feet.

Roach got out his handkerchief and put it to his nose. There was blood on it. Tears were running down that big baboon's face. He was crying! Nervous exhaustion, mebby.

But I didn't have time to consider what the guy was weeping about. I went on back to where Nine's engine and the string had got together. They'd likely loosened up a lot of parts, but there didn't seem to be anything to stop them operating; so the yard engine snaked the cars into the clear, and Nine got on her way.

The wrecking crane showed up later to clean up the mess in the yard, and what with making up a report to wire the Old Man, and helping the night yardmaster line things up, I didn't get through till midnight.

Then I thought about Rowdy. I told the clerk to telephone his house and find out if he'd be on the job in the morning. The clerk got a negative answer, and would I come over to his home right away?

Any place in Goshen isn't far away. Rowdy's was one of those little houses mostly screen porch that are put up for people with T. B. It was all lit up. I knocked, and a woman opened the door. I said I guessed I was in the wrong place, and asked whether she knew where a couple of switchmen lived around there.

She said Mr. Roach and Mr. Sullivan lived here, and was I Mr. Morgan, and please come in. I couldn't figure that one, of course, but I followed her through a living room and out onto a screen porch.

There was Rowdy in bed, propped up on pillows. In a corner, asleep on a couch, lay a litle girl about the size of my Gail. Bending over her was Heavyfoot.

I heard Rowdy chuckle low, and I looked at him again. A man in a chair close by glanced at me. When I made out for sure who it was, I had to stop and think back and forward to make sure what had happened and where I'd come to. For the Old Man himself was sitting on that chair—Superintendent Welby, no less!

Well, it was just another one of those days. If the Old Man had been in such a hurry to fire me that he'd come right down to do it instead of sending for me, he must be pretty scared because I had put his yard out of commission.

BUT NO. The Old Man jerked his head at Rowdy. "Morgan," he said, "see what's been working in your yard for sixty days?"

He was accusing me of something, I didn't know what. I looked at Rowdy again. He was pale, and that long nose stuck out pretty sharp. I said: "What's wrong? Busted something, Rowdy?"

He nodded and grinned.

"He's tubercular!" snapped the Old Man. "And you hired him! You're probably the only dumb cluck in the Goshen yard who didn't know it."

I opened my mouth. Then after a while I shut it again. I wondered what in hell ever made me think I could run a railroad yard.

Rowdy spoke up quick. "I got by the company doctor," he said. "It's his business to check that, not Morgan's."

Rowdy had the look of a man who'd just won a jackpot.

"Meet the wife." He introduced me. "And my little girl, June, I told you about. But be careful that Heavyfoot don't bite you if you touch her." He added wearily: "I guess I won't be able to work for you any more, Morgan. But Heavyfoot will be on the job till you can get somebody."

He tried to be matter-of-fact.

"That'll make three men shy in the morning," I figured, "with Frith and his fielder gone. His pinner told me this evening Frith had sneaked in and let off the brakes on those cars on the incline."

In time, I learned the story of Rowdy Roach. He had come up through train service and the yard to be an assistant superintendent. Around that time he married the vice president's daughter, and got himself all tangled up with a big family of wealth. They shoved him ahead and held him back and ran his family life, more so after the youngster came.

Rowdy could take just so much of that. He finally blew up and went to work for a competing road and got to be general superintendent, in which position he showed his pa-in-law some real competition.

But the family kept horning in, making the wife miserable, generally disturbing their peace. So when Rowdy got tuberculosis from overwork, he turned everything over to his wife, and bunched it. Figured with everything else and T. B. added, he's no good to anybody. So he just dropped from sight.

It was back along through there some place that he once fired Frith for getting company property mixed up with his own. That started the feud.

Those two men just couldn't get along with each other. Rowdy Roach had called Frith's number, and the engine foreman reacted venomously. It was a blessing when they drifted apart, on different roads.

Heavyfoot was a brakeman, much persecuted account of his looks, and developing a bad disposition. Anybody who made funny remarks about him to his face usually got badly mauled, so he was mostly being hired or fired. Roach found him, and figured him right as plenty smart. He took Heavyfoot along with him through some yards, and on all the way up as his chief clerk.

So when Rowdy quit being an official and hit the boomer trail again, Heavyfoot went along, too. And that's the astonishing story, as I got it and as I told it to my wife, Jenny. We discussed it thoughtfully for a whole evening after dinner.

In the far distance the exhaust of a locomotive rent the air, followed by a low rumbling and clanking. It was a busy night in the Goshen yard. ●

INFORMATION BOOTH

ASK BARBARA: Railroad questions are answered here—as many as space permits. Address Miss Barbara Kreimer, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10017. No questions will be answered by mail or telephone.

1 ***What was the worst wreck involving The 20th Century Limited?***

Undoubtedly, it occurred on March 29, 1916, a mile west of Amherst, Ohio. The first section of the eastbound Chicago-Pittsburgh overnight sleeper (train 86) had been stopped at that point by signals at an interlocking tower and, a little while later, through a dense predaylight fog, the train's second section plowed into it. Much of this wreckage landed on the westbound track. When *The Century* approached at 65 miles an hour ten minutes afterwards, it crashed into the debris and was derailed. The engineer said his locomotive then skidded along the rails for three car-lengths and smashed into the second section of train 86. No one on *The Century* was killed or injured but passengers on the other train were not so lucky. All together, 26 died and 45 had serious injuries.

2 ***How much railroad claim payments were made in the year 1970?***

In 1970, the railroad industry paid out $228,316,389 in claim payments (these are settlements for damaging a customer's goods in transit), a figure 8.7 percent higher than the previous year. The chief cause of damaged freight is overspeed coupling—freight cars are supposed to be joined at a speed not exceeding four miles per hour. Overspeed coupling can also cause future derailments, since the stress placed on wheel assemblies and journals of cars can later result in hotboxes. Another factor which can lead to damaged freight is the improper loading of cars.

3 ***What are the specifications of Mikados on the Silverton trains in Colorado?***

These class K-28 engines, operating between Durango and Silverton on the Denver & Rio Grande Western narrow-gage, were built by American Locomotive Co. in 1923. Of the six originally built, Nos. 473, 476, and 478 now pull the trains. Specifications are as follows: wheel arrangement, 2-8-2; cylinders, 18 x22 inches; boiler pressure, 200 psi.; drivers, 44 inches in diameter; weight, 156,000 lbs.; weight with tender, 254,500 lbs.; tractive effort, 27,540 lbs. We understand that engine No. 476 has recently gotten a new, deep-throated whistle.

4 ***When did the* Empire Builder *start service?***

This renowned Great Northern crack varnish, named after Jim Hill, was inaugurated in May, 1929. After *The Olympian* was pulled off in 1932, it became the road's number one name train. Running between Chicago and Seattle, it took 63 hours westbound to cover this distance; by 1970, this had been shaved to 44¾ hours. Under the National Railroad Passenger Corporation (Amtrak), this route is followed by the current train No. 31, except for a stretch in North Dakota which cuts through Grand Forks and Devils Lake instead of New Rockford. Interestingly, the Devils Lake route was followed by the westbound *Empire Builder* in the 1930's. Today's trip takes about 47 hours.

5 ***What is the longest stone arch bridge in the U.S.?***

We believe it is the Rockville bridge on the old Pennsylvania (now Penn Central) west of Harrisburg, Pa. Perhaps you know of a longer one.

6 ***How much does it cost to move a railroad car in a train?***

According to Traffic Vice President P. H. Reistrup of the Illinois Central, approximately 10 cents a mile. Not included in the figure are *per diem* charges and "out-of-pocket" costs such as maintenance and repairs to track and equipment, plus wages.

7 ***What accident led to the adoption of the Westinghouse Air Brake?***

The rear-end collision at Revere, Mass., on the night of August 26, 1871, in which 29 were killed and about 60 injured. This wreck, at the peak of the excursion season on the Eastern Railroad (now part of the Boston & Maine), brought home to the public the widespread use of dangerous and antiquated railroad practices. In fact, in the Revere Case, the Boston stationmaster gave the engineer a verbal order to watch out for trains ahead of him, after the train had already started to pull out of the station. In those days it was also common for stationmasters simply to hold up fingers corresponding to the number of minutes elapsed since the last train passed through, a totally inadequate procedure, especially in foggy or snowy weather.

The shock of the Revere pile-up generated an angry public outcry. One newspaper printed the word "Slaughter" in big bold letters across its front page. Embarrassed railroad officials responded by switching over to the Westinghouse Air Brake, so that three years later 313 Massachusetts locomotives had those brakes, compared to 93 the year after the wreck. The Miller platform and the block system also were adopted around that time. In the seven years following the accident, only two passengers were killed of the 230 million who rode Massachusetts' rails.

8 ***Were any Shay locomotives ever operated in New Jersey***

We know of three. One still operating today is Pine Creek Railroad's No. 6, a two-truck Shay (Lima, 1927) once belonging to Ely-Thomas Lumber Co. According to Mike Koch's book, *The Shay Locomotive—Titan of the Timber,* the other two were Lima standard-gage Shays built in 1919 (construction Nos. 3032 and 3033) for the Edison Portland Cement Co. at New Village, N. J. Number 3032 later belonged to General Crushed Stone Co. of Oaks Corners, N.Y., and was scrapped in 1948.

9 ***Are any grade crossings made of materials other than wood and rubber?***

Yes. A new type has been made out of lengthwise sections of steel welded together. They have already been installed at various steel, chemical, aircraft, and other industrial plants and have been used under heavy traffic conditions for more than three years. They are said to be strong enough to outlive the ties beneath them in most cases, providing a smooth, skid-proof crossing, and are virtually maintenance free. We don't know whether any are in use on regular highway grade crossings. Steelplank Corp. of Wyandotte, Mich., manufactures them.

10 ***Is it true that a priest who had never worked on a railroad was elected president of the Canadian Pacific?***

Headed by No. 4144, Southern Railway train crosses Mill Creek eastbound on its run from Asheville to Salisbury, N.C., shown last June 25th in the Blue Ridge Mts. near Old Fort. This new dome-car route, with seven tunnels and a backdrop of the Pisgah National Forest, has gained passenger business from school groups, summer campers, and railfans.
W. Frank Clodfelter, 36 Westchester Dr., Asheville, N.C. 28803

Yes. The man was Father Lacombe, a Catholic missionary to the Blackfeet Indians. When the CP started building a line through the Indians' reservation, the Blackfeet were infuriated and tore up the rails. Father Lacombe explained to them that any land taken for the railroad would be made up by generous portions of land elsewhere. The Indians agreed and the line was built. Later, when the first train from Winnipeg stopped at Calgary, on board a private car was CP President William Van Horne and his board of directors. They invited Father Lacombe for lunch. At Van Horne's suggestion, the board elected the priest as CP's temporary new president in gratitude of his services to the company. The father quickly resigned and Van Horne was reelected; but during that hour at luncheon, Father Lacombe was the legal head of Canadian Pacific Railway.

11 ***Was Minot, N.D., named after the man who issued the first train order by telegraph?***

No. The name brings to mind Charles D. Minot, General Superintendent of the Erie Railroad, who sent his famous train order on Sept. 22, 1851. But Minot, N.D., got its name from a less famous railroad man — though he

probably pulled down a bigger salary —Henry D. Minot, president of the Eastern Railway of Minnesota, later incorporated into the Great Northern.

Running Extra

"In question No. 7, October issue, you said the longest distance one could travel in a sleeping-car in the U.S. without changing cars was via tourist cars that used to run between Washington and Los Angeles via the Southern, Atlanta & West Point Rail Road, Western Railway of Alabama, Louisville & Nashville, and Southern Pacific. At the time this car operated, it may have well been true, but for well over a year now we have been operating a through sleeping car three times a week between New York and Los Angeles via Penn Central (New York - Washington), Southern Railway (Washington - New Orleans), and SP (New Orleans-Los Angeles). Since May 1st, the northeastern and western legs of this through run have been operated, of course, by Amtrak; but the service is still available and is being used quite well, with extra cars being operated from time to time." —W. Graham Claytor, Jr., President, Southern Railway System, Washington, D.C.

(Ed. note: Amtrak timetable lists this distance as 3,413 miles.)

"In regard to item 7, Oct. issue, back in 1907 I rode with my parents on the Sunset Route, Washington-San Francisco, then the terminus of the *Sunset Limited*. That's about 450 miles farther than the mileage indicated in your item. —Rev. Wm. C. Stearns, 3051 N.W. Polk, Corvallis, Ore. 97330.

"In October of 1955, when the Milwaukee Road began operation of the *Cities* trains in connection with the Union Pacific, a 10-roomette, 6 double-bedroom car was handled from New York in PRR train No. 1 to Chicago, thence Milw-UP train No. 103, the *City of Los Angeles,* through to Los Angeles.

"PRR mileage, New York to Chicago, was 907, and Milw-UP mileage, Chicago to Los Angeles, was 2299—making a total of 3,206. Thus, it beats the Washington, D.C., to Los Angeles run you listed of 3,163."—Larry Barbeau, Advertising Manager, Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul & Pacific Railroad, Co., Chicago, Illinois.

Besides the above corrections of our October item on sleeping-car distances, Brian L. Norden, 2254 Galbreth Rd., Pasadena, Calif. 91104, sent us this list of principal sleeping-car routes longer than 3,000 miles. Not included is the New York-New Orleans-Los Angeles service already mentioned by Mr. Claytor.

New York to San Francisco	
via NYC and	
California Zephyr	**3493 miles**
via PRR and	
California Zephyr	**3440 miles**
via NYC and	
City of San Francisco	**3221 miles**
via PRR and	
City of San Francisco	**3168 miles**
New York to Los Angeles	
via NYC and	
Golden State	**3301 miles**
via PRR and	
Golden State	**3248 miles**
via NYC and	
City of Los Angeles	**3260 miles**
via PRR and	
City of Los Angeles	**3207 miles**
via NYC and	
Super Chief	**3188 miles**
via PRR and	
Super Chief	**3135 miles**
Washington to Los Angeles	
via PRR, C&NW,	
and UP	**3136 miles**
via B&O, and AT&SF	**2991 miles**
Washington to San Diego	
via B&O, and AT&SF	**3119 miles**
Washington to San Francisco	
via PRR and	
Overland Limited	**3097 miles**
via B&O and	
Overland Limited	**3027 miles**

In the 1909 catalog of Keating Implement & Machine Co., I note that a riding cultivator used to work farm land was called "Katy Flyer Cultivator." Was any other farm equipment named for named passenger trains?—Festus Blon, 1111 Colcord St., Waco, Texas 76707.

The first item in the Oct. dept. said the Algoma Central was formerly called the Algoma Central & Hudson Bay Ry. Actually, the company's legal name still is the Algoma Central & Hudson Bay Railway Company, Limited. Algoma Central is used on the sides of equipment, in the company's herald, and for publicity purposes, but the longer name still stands.

In addition to its railway operations, the AC&HB also is a large operator of steamships on the Great Lakes. Last spring it placed an order with General Motors of Canada for three SD40's. This will be its first second-generation diesel power.—T.G.J. Gascoigne, P.O. Box 565, Oshawa, Ont., Canada.

How does one clean and polish the brass on steam locomotive whistles and bells?—B.J. Johnston, Oma Elk Rail Association, 2016 South 7th St., Omaha, Neb. 68108.

A friend of mine, a Canadian Pacific engineer, gave me a book of questions that firemen of the steam age needed for promotion. I know a lot about diesels but next to nothing about steam locos. To help me understand my book, a chart would come in handy. Where can I get such a chart naming all the parts of a steam locomotive?—Robby LeClare (age 14), 5384 Randolph Cr., Burlington, Ont., Canada.

I have a Boston & Maine loco roster that says about 51 engines were sold to Poulterer & Co. Dates range from 1895 to 1906. Does anyone know what Poulterer & Co. was?—Harry A. Frye, 1023 Hooksett Road, Manchester, N.H.

Southern Railway steam-powered wrecker crane, car No. 903031, was scrapped last summer at the Southern Converting Co. junk yard in Jamestown, N.C. It was previously owned by SR's subsidiary, the Atlantic & East Carolina, and was built by Industrial Works, Bay City, Michigan. Does anyone know when it was built and who were the former owners, if any?—Mike Small, Rte. 1, Jamestown, N.C. 27282.

Abandonments (September list)

Compiled by Albert Herskovits

Clinchfield—13.8 miles, abandonment of operations, Frisco to Greeland, Tenn.

Denver & Rio Grande Western—0.8 miles in city of Colorado Springs, Colo.

Georgia, Ashburn, Sylvester & Camilla Ry.—15.8 miles, abandonment of opertions, Ashburn to Sylvester, Ga.

Northwestern Pacific—0.3 miles, portion of San Rafael Branch near Meadowsweet, Calif.

Penn Central—5.7 miles, Woodland to Field; 16.1 miles, Vail to Osceola Mills; 1.2 miles, around Barnesboro; 1.6 miles of Onatario branch, Washington Co.; 2.6 miles of Brandy Camp branch, Elk Co.; 2.2 miles of Trout Run branch, Clearfield Co.; 0.9 miles of Fairchance branch, Fayette Co.; 2.8 miles of Mapleton No. 1 branch, Clearfield Co.; 1.2 miles of Patten No. 1 branch, Cambria Co.; 0.4 miles of Smoke Run branch, Clearfield Co.; 2.2 miles, portion of Turtle Creek branch, Westmoreland Co.; 1.5 miles, portion of Jamison branch, Westmoreland Co.; 4.0 miles of Yellow Creek branch, Indiana Co.; 2.0 miles of Hunter Run branch, Westmoreland Co.; 7.9 miles, junction with main line near Donohoe to New Alexandria; 3.0 miles, Amesville No. 1 and No. 2 branch, Clearfield Co.; 2.9 miles, Martin branch, Cambria Co.; 8.2 miles, Springfield branch, Blair Co., all of the above are in Pennsylvania; 4.3 miles, Weir Jct. to Dighton, Mass.; 14.5 miles, South Fort Plain to South Little Falls, N.Y. Total: 85.2 miles.

Reading Co.—0.5 miles, portion of Bellevue branch near Hunting Park Ave. to engineering station near No. 35th St. in Philadelphia, Pa.

Santa Fe—23.8 miles, Newkirk to Burbank, Okla.

Winston-Salem Terminal Co.—1.1 miles, abandonment of entire line consisting of six station tracks in the city of Winston-Salem, N.C.

Total of abandonments (excluding abandonments of operation) authorized by the Interstate Commerce Commission for the month of September, 1971 —111.70 miles.

TRACKSIDE IN THE DIESEL AGE

By JIM EDMONSTON

Seaboard Air Line No. 30006, E-4, lettered for the *Silver Meteor*, at Ivy City engine terminal, Washington, D.C., in 1946. Ivy City was once a steam mecca.
Both photos from Jim Edmonston collection

OUR information on the retirement of Santa Fe's Alco switcher fleet in California was a bit premature; plenty of S-2's and S-4's are still active in the area. According to Santa Fe fireman Tom Campbell, Box 1293, Crestline, Calif., the Alcos have left San Bernardino but continue to work on the Valley Division at Santa Ana, San Diego, Fullerton, Rivera, and Los Angeles, although L.A. service is sparse. The L.A. roundhouse holds many stored S-2's and S-4's, ranging from good to bad condition. Also stored in the "garden" there is RS-1 2394, formerly used in San Francisco.

Big Santa Fe FP-45 No. 5940 (ex-100) lost its steam generator and now sports a freight paint scheme, becoming ATSF's only freight-hauler with a Pyle Gyralite.

I learn from Dan Kuhn, 20004 Stanton Ave., Castro Valley, Calif., that Alco S-2's still switch ATSF yards in Stockton, Calif., but their days are numbered. Western Pacific is still using F-3's and F-7's on freight runs between Stockton and Oakland. Two F-3's on the WP are ex-New York, Ontario & Western engines.

The relative merits of various types of power were discussed the other day by A. W. Hellerberg, a Milwaukee Road engineer. He seems to dislike GE engines; I wonder why.

In this connection Tom Campbell states: "The use of GE units makes it difficult for crews to set out and pick up cars, as their control stands are not located as conveniently as on EMD power. Besides, they load up slowly, taking several seconds to move after the throttle is opened. Other negative features are the unlikely placing of safety shutdown reset devices on the Cooper-Bessemer engine, and the location of relay cabinets under the engine cab, which interferes with the flagstick and fusee method of keeping them running. But on the positive side, newer GE units have an improved control stand and an optional fast-loading feature which keeps the prime mover in Run-7."

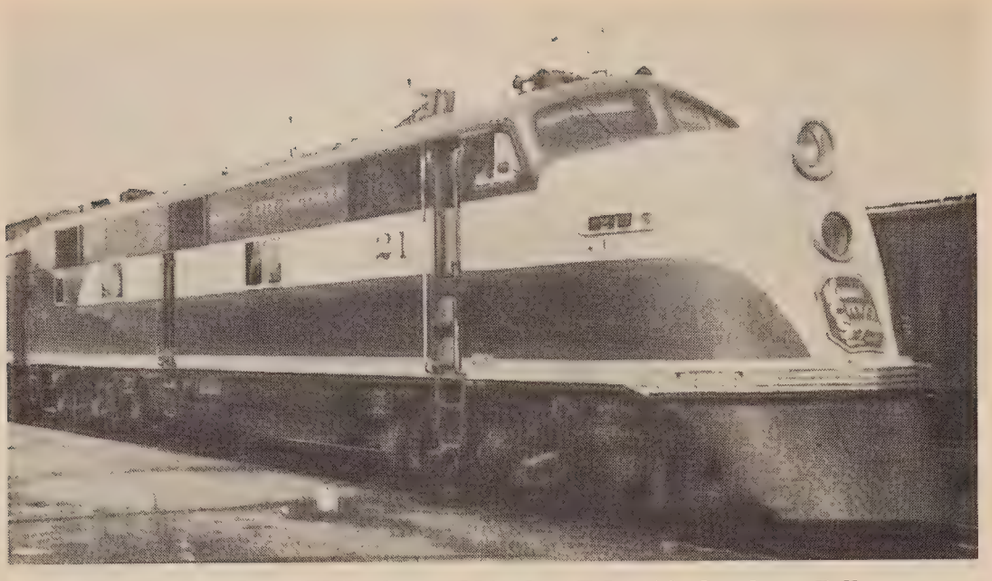
Tom rates GE's superior electrically to EMD's and he likes the space behind the cab on U-33'c's (for optional steam generating equipment), which makes for a quiet cab.

"EMD road power," he goes on, "is the favorite because enginemen are more familiar with it and because it handles a train well and it runs cleaner and rides better than most other makes."

Now we hear from a Southern Pacific fireman on the Coast District—Tom Irion, 402 Redwood Ave., Redwood City, Calif.—who agrees with both Milwaukee engineer Hellerberg and ATSF fireman Campbell regarding GE power, surprisingly for about the same reasons. But Irion wants to give SP's famous F-M Trainmasters their due. According to him, nothing can touch them in the San Francisco-San Jose commuter service, where they go from 0 to 60 and back every two miles and reel off 47 miles in 75 minutes! He thinks that the GP-9's and one FP-7 in this service are no match for the TM's and that Fairbanks-Morse should get back in business and use EMD's C-C truck for high-speed work.

In advance of Sy Reich's Canadian Pacific roster, coming next month, I note that as of Sept. 1, 1971, CP Rail still had seven active C-Liners, namely: CPA-16-4 Nos. 4053, 4055, 4057, 4065, 4104, 4105, and CFA-16-4 No.

Chicago, Burlington & Quincy No. 9915, *Silver Clipper*, E-5, rolling into Council Bluffs, Iowa, on a June day in 1947.



KOS No. 21, ex-EMD demo. 822, first E-3, with *Southern Belle.*
Jim Edmonston collection

4081, which run on the old Kettle Valley Line between Trail and Crow's Nest, B.C. They are mixed with GP-9's and H-16-44's, but must be used on the point or as rear unit, as they will not multiple-unit through the nose. All C-Liners remain in the old colors, which could mean they won't last much longer.

Possibly three CLC (F-M) H-4-66 Trainmasters are working at Trail. Two were spotted there by Dick Sievers of Glendale, Calif., the 8900 and 8904. These engines, like the C-Liners, are in the old paint. Dick also spotted Western Energy Company's No. 31, Alco RS-1, at the Burlington Northern shops in Livingston, Mont. This unit is painted pea-green inside and out, looking as if it had fallen into a vat of pea soup!

Effective Sept. 17th, the remaining four Delaware & Hudson PA's have been saved from extinction by being bought by Steam Tours Inc., reports John P. Killoran, 1605 Quarrier St., Charleston, W. Va. The new owner took immediate possession of D&H PA's 16 and 18, with option to buy 17 and 19 in the near future. The first pair were moved to Steam Tours property in West Virginia for operation Oct. 23rd and 24th on New River trains between Huntington and Hinton, W. Va., over the Chesapeake & Ohio, using ST's own passenger equipment.

John wrote that the PA's and ex-Reading steamer 2102 would team up in November for a trip from Pittsburgh, Pa., to Cumberland, Md., via the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie and Western Maryland, the PA's providing dynamic brakes for the drop down from Sand Patch on WM's steep grade. He calls the Steam Tours' latest acquisitions "honorary steam locomotives" and says they'll remain in D&H colors "for the foreseeable future."

General Railway Signal has received an order from U.S. Steel Corp. to equip 10 locos at Fairfield, Ala., for radio control. Ground personnel will operate them with portable "Pack-set" transmitters.

If the Baldwin AS-616 item in our October department confused you, it's because we omitted model designation AS-416. This model was given to those 1600-hp. road-switchers with four traction motors on six-wheel trucks, or those A1A-AIA versions with the evenly-spaced axles.

Here is the roster: Columbus & Greenville 606, Norfolk Southern 1601-1617, Savannah & Atlanta 108-110. Dispositions: NS 1601-1605 are gone; all others are running on the Belhaven, Fayettesville, and Durham branches. C&G 606 is still in operation and S&A 108-110 were traded in by the parent Southern Railway on GP-35's. So says Elliott Kahn, 58 Verbena St., Clearwater Beach, Fla. Both he and Ed Fielding, 4 Clifton St., Lynchburg, Va., report that Durham & Southern has ex-EL AS-16 No. 1116 (bought from Striegel Marine & Equipment, of Baltimore) in its shops at Dunn, N.C., using it for parts to keep the short line's Baldwin fleet running. D&S operates three RS-12's and four DRS-6-4-1500's. Ed says these units may be found at either Dunn or Apex, N.C.

Updating the remaining AS-16 list on the Pennsy-RDG Seashore Lines is word from John LaRue, 1108 Elm Ave., West Collingswood, N.J., that he saw three still cavorting around last September first: 6015, 6024, and 6025. And here is a query from Jon Bardue, 93 E. Main St., Pawling N.Y.: why does Penn Central FL-9 No. 5034 (ex-New Haven 2034) sport a two-tone yellow and blue paint scheme instead of PC's basic black? The answer is that some FL-9's are on lease to New York's Metropolitan Transportation Authority and are painted in MTA colors. For the same reason, the Long Island also uses MTA hues and a large "M" on the cab.

On Sept. 6, 1971, Louisville & Nashville still had an active F-2 on its property—No 835, ex-ACL 324—but on that date she malfunctioned and was towed to Radnor Yard in Nashville, Tenn. This item comes from Jerry Mart, 1731-B Jan Drive, Hopkinsville, Ky., who doesn't know what Radnor did with her.

Frank White, a Baltimore & Ohio engineer living in Cincinnati, told us by phone that a Washington Terminal Alco RS-1 was sitting in the B&O yard on Sept. 28th. Sure enough, we found WT No. 49, an RS-1, built in Oct. '45, parked on the piggyback ramp lead. She looked OK, except for a broken power cable to one traction motor. A new pair of drivers was in No. 4 position and a new steam hose and connection had been installed on the "B" end. A tag in the cab said the engine was taken out of service 9/1/71. We couldn't find a waybill or other clue as to where she was headed when she was cut into a westbound B&O freight and left town at 7 p.m. Be on the lookout for her!

This month we start a two-part feature on EMD's great E units, the undisputed kings of American passenger service. Most remaining E's will be used by Amtrak for some time, but many older units have already been scrapped or rebuilt.

In May, 1937, after producing a group of custom experimentals for ATSF, Union Pacific, Burlington, SAL, and Illinois Central, the EMD outshopped B&O 51, the first E unit, model EA. Then in June '37 came No. 52. Long, sleekly-streamlined units on six-wheel AlA-AlA trucks, these engines forecast the general appearance of all E's to follow. Recessed headlight, tiny number boards, slit-type windows and a cab roof number-indicator proclaimed EA. Two 12-cylindered Winton 201-A engines gave the EA's 1800 hp. The B&O bought six A's and six B's—the only EA's ever built. Eventually No. 51 was stripped and her body shell given to the B&O Museum in Baltimore, where it is today. The "works" were rebuilt to E-8Am No. 1433, and No. 52 became Gulf, Mobile & Ohio 100A, another E-8Am rebuild. The rest of Baltimore & Ohio's EA's became E-8Am's Nos. 1434-1437. Likewise, the EB's became E-8Bm's, Nos. 2414-2419, while Nos. 2416 and 2419 have been scrapped.

In August '37 EMD built six 1200 HP "custom" units for the Rock Island, designated TA, the T standing

for "Twelve Hundred." Each of these was a first cousin to the new EA's but rode on four-wheel trucks and was powered by one 16-cylindered Winton 201-A. Body style was a virtual duplicate of the EA, but shorter. RI road numbers were 601-606, all since scrapped.

From 6/37 to 4/38 the Santa Fe took delivery of the only E1A's and E1B's ever built: E1A's 2a and 3-9, and E1B's 2b, 3a, and 4a. The units were produced for the *Super Chief* and other ATSF transcontinentals. When bumped off those luxury trains by passenger F-3's in 1947, they took over the *San Diegan*. In 1952 the Santa Fe began trading them in on E-8m's. Soon the remaining units became rarities on ATSF, which shied away from E units after buying passenger-equipped F-3's.

Evidently due to its desire for a different look on its *City* streamliners, Union Pacific received a much-modified body on its two A/B/B sets of E-2's. The E2-A's SF-1 and LA-1 rode on the same six-wheel trucks, were powered by the same twin Winton 201-A's, and produced 1800 hp.

From the cab on back they appeared the same, except that portholes replaced the slit windows in a 3-3-1 configuration. But the E-2A's nose was strange indeed. Instead of a sleek, complimentary curve to the cab, it bulged out and up, while the headlight casing was built up and out. The effect suggested an EA with a toothache. The SF-1, owned jointly with the Southern Pacific, became SP E-7Am No. 6011a, then 6017. The LA-1, owned jointly with Chicago & North Western, became E-7Am No. 5003a, finally scrapped. The four E-2B's were rebuilt to E-8Bm's and remained on Union Pacific rails.

In April '39 the EMD's new E-3 demonstrator, No. 822, hit the road and made friends immediately. She boasted a new prime mover, the 567. Two 12-cylindered 567's gave the E-3 2000 hp., a rating EMD made standard for all subsequent E's right up to the E-8 of 1949. The E-3 retained the exterior look of the EA's and E1's, except that the headlight casing was not recessed and the side windows became squared.

The same long, slanted nose gave E-3 the look of speed. Kansas City Southern liked demonstrator 822 so well it bought her, numbered her 1 for the *Southern Belle*, and followed with two more, 2 and 3. They were renumbered 21, 22 and 23. No. 21 and 22 were scrapped, No. 23 was rebuilt to an E-8Am in 1957. No. 21 was the first KCS diesel of any type. Other E-3 owners were ATSF, ACL, C&NW, FEC, MP, RI and UP. Florida East Coast's 1001 was the first diesel on that road. Two E-3b's were built, ATSF 11a and UP 952B.

Seaboard Coast Line, involved in heavy Florida resort traffic in 1938, ordered fourteen A's and five B's of a model to be called E-4. Basically, this was an E-3 with a nose modified by a communicating door and diaphragm which extended to form a virtual corridor from unit to train. SAL locos 3000-3013 were the A's, while 3100-3104 were the B's. No. 3000 was SAL's first diesel. All units were scrapped prior to 1964, and SAL remains the only road to order E-4's.

E-5 also was a basic E-3, but the Burlington ordered them with shot-welded corrugated stainless steel side panels to match their Budd equipment. E-5's likewise have smaller side windows mounted lower and a unique twin grill flanking the headlight, strangely similar to a moustache. The Burlington bought eleven A's and five B's, most of which are gone. Those remaining have been assigned to subsidiaries Colorado & Southern and Fort Worth & Denver.

Concluding the series next month we'll examine E-6, E-7, E-8, and E-9.

Send diesel news to my home, 792 Farnham Court, Cincinnati, Ohio 45240. I appreciate the encouragement and help received from readers. ●

Penn Central symbol freight LS-3 westbound out of Dearborn, Mich., Sept. 1, 1970.
G. Daniels, 4402 Bingham, Dearborn, Mich. 48126

Mike Eagleson

IN SEARCH OF STEAM

FORMER Great Western Railway steam locomotive *King George V* ran under its own power from Hereford, England, where it is preserved, to Newport and back last September 15th. The King class 4-6-0 became the first locomotive to break British Rail's steam ban for more than a year—and BR officials in London admitted that part of the purpose of the trip was to help the board re-assess the three-year-old ban.

A statement issued by British Rail said the BR board had "agreed to a trial of *King George V* in steam over a short distance of BR track following its recent boiler overhaul by H. P. Bulmer Ltd."

The statement added that British Rail still owned the loco. Railfans and preservation societies have been trying for some time to persuade British Rail to allow steam-hauled special trains.

The world's northernmost steam loco, an 0-4-0T located on Spitzbergen Island in the Arctic Ocean, has been bought by a Norwegian railfan group, Norsk Privatbane-historisk Selskab. Will one of our Norwegian readers please tell me more details?

Steamtown, U.S.A., at Bellows Falls, Vt., has assumed operation of Green Mountain's ex-Canadian Pacific 4-6-2, No. 1246, whose usual run is between Steamtown Museum at Riverside and the Chester water tower. I hear unconfirmed reports that the 1246 is now out of service, with $3,000 damage to the cab due to an explosion that occurred while she was being fired up one morning for a week-end operation. I'd like to get details of what happened. When will the damage be repaired?

I learn from L. Hulsey that steam is again on the rails at Grays Harbor, Wash., with the arrival of an antique but workable Union Pacific steam pile-driver. A few years ago UP had two of its three such machines in Aberdeen, Wash., and by diligent round-the-clock repairs made one available for service three or four days a week.

Texas Transportation Museum, P.O. Box 6495, San Antonio 78209, is refurbishing ex-Moscow, Camden & San Augustine 2-8-0 No. 6 for the Georgetown Railroad. She was recently trucked from Camden to Georgetown, Texas, for repairs.

Virginia & Truckee's 4-6-0 No. 27 (Baldwin 1913), served her owners faithfully for 35 years before being retired Oct. 1, 1948, by ICC inspectors. Since then she has been stored out in the Nevada elements for 23 years on Highway 50 near Mound House. Venerable No. 27 is waiting until Nevada State Heritage Assn. restores trackage from Virginia City to Empire, Nevada. The association seeks donations from fans who wish to see the line reopened. Address: Box 611, Carson City, Nevada 89701. This news comes from R. H. Austin, 860 Kirby Dr., La Habra, Calif. 90631.

John B. Corns 1614 Ambler Ave. S.W. North Canton, Ohio

GTW No. 6323 4-8-4 in Detroit Terminal roundhouse Feb. 3, 1970, Detroit, Mich.

Last fall I toured the Greenbrier Railroad, which operates on Chesapeake & Ohio tracks out of Ronceverte, W. Va., with ex-Reading 4-8-4 T-1 No. 2102. The train was filled to capacity despite the rain. We headed northward uphill with 17 cars, the locomotive operating tender first. At Durbin, end of the line, Cass Scenic's rare Heisler, No. 6, was on hand to greet us. After the big Northern type had run around the consist for the return trip, the train backed downhill out of Durbin, exchanging whistles with the Heisler.

At this writing, the Greenbrier is negotiating to buy Delaware & Hudson PA diesels Nos. 16 and 18 for use in 1972. (See page 57.) I'm mentioning diesels in my column only because the Greenbrier is a subsidiary of Steam Tours of Ohio. Proposed trips would use both PA's and the 4-8-4 steamer.

A large stretch of mainline in Mexico is being planned for steam operation, both freight and passenger. So says a former construction engineer on the International Rys. named Redman R. Hart, of International Railroad Builders & Development Corp., 7500 Belle View Station, Alexandria, Va. 22307. No other facts are available yet.

In our November issue I referred to the Shawningan Lake Lumber Co. Climax as being the "oldest and smallest of her type." Now listen to Bob Pomeroy, 6514 Jumilla Ave., Woodland Hills, Calif. 91364: "This engine weighs a mere 23 tons and must be the smallest Climax around. Built in 1910 (construction No. 1057), she is very old, but is not the oldest Climax extant. The R&LHS displays a three-track Climax at Los Angeles County Fair just outside Pomona, Calif. She was built in 1909 for Fruit Growers Supply, No. 3, construction No. 932." Thanks, Bob, for setting me straight.

Also on the subject of Shays, a four-mile Shay-powered railroad operates in the forests bordering Yosemite National Park. Formerly the Madera Sugar Pine Co., this road went out of the timber business during the Depression. The new line, Yosemite Mt. & Sugar Pine R.R., retraces the original roadbed with Shay No. 10 of Tuolumne Lumber Co. Built in 1928, she ceased regular service in 1961 when the mill closed down. The tourists ride in flatcars with sides shaped like big logs. All in all, the loco has been tastefully restored and runs in fantastic scenery.

Latest breakthrough in steam recordings was issued by Brad Miller of Mobile Fidelity Records, P.O. Box 336, Burbank, Calif. 91503. Called quadraphonic sound, it uses 4 audio channels and 4 speakers, with the listening area

Portugese women's lib in action. Feminine crossing guard chains off road in Vila Real, Portugal, for the meter-gage 2-4-6-OT on the Regua to Chaves mixed train run on a morning in July, 1970. Portugal's first railroad line was opened between Listbon and Carregado, October 28, 1856, and ran for 27.7 miles. Much of the real mileage is government-owned.
Karl R. Zimmerman 70 Valley Road Glen Rock, N.J. 07452

equal to an approximate square or rectangle and speakers in all 4 corners. I've personally heard symphony orchestra recordings in quadraphonic, but never before such steam sounds. Brad tells me it sends you out of your house with its realism, and is as big a jump from stereo as stereo was from monaural recordings. Not only do trains run from left to right through your living room, but birds sing and crossing gates clang. Only the smells of soft-coal smoke and hot valve oil are missing. Mobile Fidelity Records is now working on the first all quadraphonic steam recording for production.

Chesapeake & Ohio 2-8-4 No. 2705 and two other steamers are currently stored in the Huntington Shops. Meanwhile, Steam Tours of Ohio plans to retrieve C&O 2-6-6-2 No. 1308 from the park in Huntington and restore her for excursions, reports Jonathan Spurlock (age 13), 4410 Ohio River Rd., Huntington, W. Va. 25702.

Marianna & Blountstown's 4-6-0 No. 444 (Baldwin 36174, March 1911) is now owned by Dr. Albert Folds and was recently moved to two miles south of Malone, Fla., on Rte. 73 and refitted for display.

The builder's plates are missing. Naturally, the owner wants to get them back; no questions asked! Contact Dr. Folds (who bought the defunct Maggie Valley RR.) through David Callahan, Rte. 4, Box 29, Lynchburg, Va. 24503.

Regarding possible return to service of Santa Fe oilburner 1010, as mentioned in November issue, Bill Burk, P.R. manager, Santa Fe, reports no such plans are in the works.

Steam passenger trains will soon return to Wolfeboro, N.H., according to Don Hellock, spokesman for the new Wolfeboro Railroad Company.

This is good news. Don reports the state Public Utilities Commission has approved the company's request, pending objections, to begin operations along the 12-mile line between Wolfeboro and Sanbornville, N.H. The track was bought from Boston & Maine, which previously ran freights over the route.

So writes Peter White, 198 Front St., Exeter, N.H.

Mike Eagleson does not work in our office. To save time, send steam mail directly to his home, 37 Edgemere Avenue, Mt. Arlington, N.J. 07856.

HOBBY CLUB

conducted by Sy Reich

New York, Susquehanna & Western washout at Smoke Rise, N.J., Sept. 7, 1971.
Bob Emerick, 200 South Terrace, Boonton, N.J. 07005

TO THE DISMAY of Michigan railfans, the Keweenaw Central Railway, a scenic tourist line which ran the last standard-gage passenger train in upper Michigan, has ceased operations. Reasons for the shutdown: the road's only existing rail connection to the national railroad system has filed for abandonment, and the cessation of mining in the copper country area closed off freight revenue. Those who rode this line will remember the dramatic view from bridge No. 30, the road's 120-foot-high steel trestle.

In other Michigan steam tourist news, we learn that the Cadillac & Lake City Railway has filed a petition in the U.S. District Court, Grand Rapids, requesting permission to reorganize under Section 77 of the Interstate Commerce Act. This petition charged Penn Central with the blame for much of the C&LC's current plight by, among other things, refusing to handle hundreds of boxcars leased by C&LC and currently on the line, despite the fact that these cars are badly needed by other railroads for grain and flour loading.

The Cadillac & Lake City is a diesel-powered common carrier and a steam-powered tourist road. It began operations in 1964 between Lake City and Missaukee Jct., Mich., where it makes its one and only railroad connection, with Penn Central.

Latest acquisition at the Strasburg Rail Road in Lancaster, Pa., is a big hook crane car from the Penn Central (No. 50030), plus a yellow maintenance-of-way flatcar to go with the crane. In addition, ex-New York Central observation car No. 8 in dark green paint with PC's name on it is at the Strasburg area, but we don't know whether it is being donated to the popular tourist road. According to L. P. Cummings of Lancaster, who sent us the news, Strasburg's 0-6-0 No. 31 is still in the shops and will be used this winter as the snowplow engine.

Two years ago, to commemorate the centenary of the first transcontinental railroad, Utah State Historical Society published a special issue of its quarterly titled *The Last Spike Is Driven* and distributed it to its members and to some local residents who purchased copies. Now, the society is making it available to the public for $1 ($2 outside the U.S.). Of the 10,000 published, a few thousand remains. Order from the society, 603 E. South Temple, Salt Lake City, Utah 84102.

Edgar T. Mead, Jr., director of Steamtown Foundation in Bellows Falls, Vt., writes: "This is just to compliment you on your notes in the October issue about Steamtown.

"The three big events this year were the return of No. 759, the steamup of No. 1246, and the launching of the steamer Vatnefjord at Steamtown. The new repair shed is being started, and we hope to be the first museum to have a Big Boy under cover. We had a steam roller running at various times, and hope to have two small engines running shortly as demonstrations."

Those who want to become members can do so by writing Steamtown at P.O. Box 71, Bellows Falls, Vt. 05101.

For readers who don't live near a model train store or operating railroad museum, but who want to buy engineers caps, we suggest you contact the Kromer Cap Company, Inc., 625 North Milwaukee St., Milwaukee, Wisc. 53202. Thanks to Karl Parmenter of La Verne, Calif., for sending us the address.

A medal paying tribute to the last regularly scheduled narrow gauge passenger trains has been issued by a Colorado firm to serve as a momento for those who have ridden the Denver & Rio Grande Western's Durango-Silverton line. On the face of the medal is a mountain scene featuring one of the narrow gauge steamers; on the reverse side, a passenger car with a description of the line. The medal, which comes in either nickel-silver or bronze, is 1½ inches in diameter and costs $2.25 from Landmarks, P.O. Box 1643, Grand Junction, Colo. 81501.

It's the time of year for ordering 1972 railroad calendars, and one of the best we've seen has been put out by the California Southern Railroad Museum. A big 11x17", each page features action steam photos (except for two which are of electrics) from various American and Canadian roads. Photo reproduction is uncommonly good—one that we like particularly shows a Soo Line 4-6-2 about to leave the Milwaukee Road depot in Minneapolis with every detail of the engine standing out. The calendar costs only $1.50 from CSRM, P.O. Box 1162, Hesperia, Calif. 92345. All proceeds are used to maintain and operate the museum's equipment.

Another fine calendar, this one showing action railroad views in Alaska is available for $2.25 from the Alaska-Yukon Chapter of NRHS, P.O. Box 2248, Anchorage, Alaska 99501.

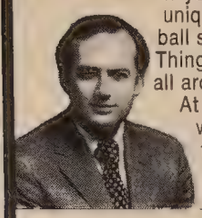
Passenger train enthusiasts who remember the colorful playing cards issued by various railroads should know that some of these are being sold in sets of 15 by Margaret Meyer, 552 Saunders Ave., Akron, Ohio 44319. Further details and prices can be had for a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

New England diesel fans should be interested in the *Green Board,* monthly publication of the Hartford Division of the Railroad Enthusiasts. About four pages an issue, it contains diesel spotting news plus notes of the chapter's activities. Subscriptions cost $2.50 a year for non-members from Al Mahan Jr., 62 Quaker Lane, West Hartford, Conn.

For over a year now, the monthly newsletter of the Cincinnati Railroad Club has been carrying "True Tales" by a gentleman who signs himself "Caleb." A number of these tales are highly colorful, most of them dealing with experiences in unusual railroad situations. Jim Edmonston, a member of the Cincinnati Railroad Club, tells us he doesn't know who "Caleb" is, since he sends his items in every month from the main post office there. Does anyone know this man's identity?

MONEY!

Opportunity is all around you...



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Patrick W. H. Garrard
Chairman & Editorial Director

Land Grab

Canadian farm land near U.S. border $15/acre...rural U.S. property $25/acre...$10/acre on Portugese Riviera...Australian ranch land $5/acre...Caribbean property $100/acre. Why so cheap? We know *where* to look, *how* to buy. (Avoid land developers. Buy direct from a government...pick up tax-sale bargains, abandoned farms, timber land. Buy overseas: Land is still dirt-cheap, but is rising as *air fares drop* and more people travel farther afield.) **The Capitalist Reporter** spotlights choice areas...tells you who to see...how much to pay...what to look for & avoid...etc. Handle the preliminaries from home. **C/R EXCLUSIVE:** British Colonial Office will soon unload choice acreage on exquisite, little-known Caribbean island. Your price? Peanuts!

Travel

Where to buy luxury cars in Europe (Mercedes, Jaguars, etc.) at discount prices... how to insult thieving, insolent natives in their own language...where to pack your kids off to a ranch for summer work...which airport duty-free shops offer authentic bargains (e.g. Amsterdam) and which are best avoided (e.g. Shannon)...wallow in luxury behind the Iron Curtain (like a Capitalist pig?) for under $10 a day...buy your own crumbling though habitable castle in Spain for about $5000...deal in black market currency...finance a trip to Hungary on Wilkinson razor blades...etc. Every month, in **The Capitalist Reporter.**

Wall St.

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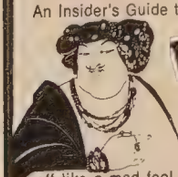
Wealth



Take almost any rational, level-headed man—give him a whiff of real wealth —then watch him take off like a mad fool. The stories of how people make and lose money are, to a great extent, the chronicle of our times. Often, enormous greed and pretension. Sometimes rare courage and idealism. **The Capitalist Reporter** covers: The Rise and Decline of Grove Press; Cashing in on Christ; The Etiquette of Bribery; Making Money Off Mao?; Jerome Hoffman's $100 million—Easy Come, Easy Go; Going into Partnership with Mafia, Inc.; Insurgency Tactics for an Annual Meeting; etc.

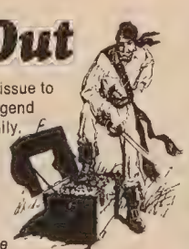
Treasure

Invest *intelligently* in art, antiques, precious stones, etc. They keep rising in value through good times & bad, inflation & recession—sometimes by nearly 100% a year. You learn of prime areas of investment: e.g. galloping value of antique watches...undervalued historical autographs (George Washington handwriting about $200) ...coming boom in European arms & armor (an antique dagger about $12)...dazzling coin/stamp/rare book investments...precious stones at free market places...antique chamber pots (take a *close* look at your old soup tureen)...etc.

Opportunity

Why do most businesses fold within a year or two? Mostly, a lack of know-how—tricks-of-the-trade you only gain from experience. If you dream of starting your own thing, **The Capitalist Reporter** can help: (1) We look for the ideas whose times have come. New concepts at the start of their climb. Business opportunities you can enter on the ground floor—often with under $2000 capital. (Usually, starting in your spare time—without giving up the security of your present job.) (2) We back up our information with actual case histories. From these people—who are actually making it—you learn the techniques & shortcuts that make the difference between success & failure. Profit from their experience!

Far Out



Something in every issue to make you a living legend within your own family. e.g. Suppose you crave a race horse. (Fool!) *How* do you buy...find the best prices? Picking a trainer? (How can *he* give *you* a memorable shafting?) Cost of maintaining your beast? Entering him in races? Stud fees? Sex handicaps? Race track shady practices? Suppose your hayburner develops arthritis. Then what??!! Also—Investing in Broadway shows; Hunting for Blackbeard's treasure; Buying your own authentic ghost town.

Insider

Imagine you own stock in a company. And you learn that several of the officers & principals are selling off a substantial portion of their shares. Wouldn't you ask, "WHY?" Perhaps you, too, should jump clear—they might know something you don't. (It would be equally significant, naturally, if they are buying *into* the company.) **The Capitalist Reporter** brings you late news of key insider trading. Draw your own conclusions. Just remember: Watch what they do —not what they say.

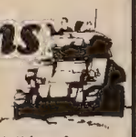
Japan

New products, processes, rock-solid currency, galloping GNP—how can *you* profit from Japan's booming prosperity? Each month, **The Capitalist Reporter** examines our busy little friends across the ocean—*with information that makes you money:* Stock market news (how about playing the incredible Tokyo market?)...new product information (long before they appear in the U.S.)...and other invaluable Nipponalia. Most Americans are appallingly ignorant about Japanese business—and you can't make money from something you know little about. This information is worth money in the bank.

Nostalgia

American treasures are all around you—attic, church bazaar, house-wrecking yards, thrift shops, etc. Old bottles, obsolete fishing lures, pre-war comics, vintage railroad timetables, auto repair manuals, posters (war, movies, advertising), telephone insulators, stuffed birds, old children's books, etc. Their value? $5, $10, even $100 and more. Americana/memorabilia soars in value as much as 200% a year. We give authoritative, up-to-date information on hundreds upon *hundreds* of specifics to be found in every town in America: Where to look...what to pay...hot new items...how to *anticipate* future trends... names & addresses of people who buy *everything,* from old mousetraps to dirigibles to used electric chairs. We'll even show you how to conduct garage sales—make $200 to $300 a week in your spare time.

Bargains



How to obtain free traveller's checks ($100 buys $100)...factory-fresh clothing & merchandise for a small fraction of list price... pick up name-brand furniture & appliances *wholesale...free* government services...and government surplus for a few pennies on the dollar (a jeep? your own Sherman tank?)... insurance for ⅓ of what you are now probably paying...launch suits and register companies all by yourself (save vast legal fees)... ...etc. Original material!

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THE SWITCH LIST

We list entries free but without a guarantee. Not over 25 words, including name and address. Use abbreviations: *tts.* (timetables), *emp. tts.* (employes timetables), *SSE* (send 8¢ stamped envelope, if in U.S., for list or details). Your entry will be printed in our first available issue. Address Sy Reich, *Railroad Magazine*, 205 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017.

J.B. ADAMS Jr., 1651 Dyer Rd., Grove City, Ohio 43123, will buy Ranks & Lowe's "Southern Steam Power."

BRUCE ADAMS, RD 1, Box 71-L, Narvon, Pa. 17555, buys slides, pix of P&WV diesels; NYO&W diesels in Scranton, Pa. area.

WALT ADAMS, 2508 N. Calispel St., Spokane, Wash. 99205, buys negs., pix of D&SL 2-8-0, 2-6-6-0, 4-6-0 types.

BERNARD ALBERT, 67 Tunstall Rd., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583, will buy "Lincoln Land Traction."

T.L. ATCHLEY, 1407 N. Jefferson St., Wellington, Kan. 67152, sells, trades, buys rr., pole date nails, etc.

C.L. ANDREWS, 4231 S.W. 38th St., West Hollywood, Fla. 33023, sells pix of station, steam diesel, psgr., frt. car, LV, RDG, CNJ, Pennsy, EL, L&NE, etc. (SSE)

CHUCK ANDREWS, 4418½ Milwaukee, Chicago, Ill. 60630, sells Chicago trolley run No. tags, Union buttons, 8x10 pix. (SSE)

DICK ANDREWS, 679 Judith Ave., Westland, Mich. 48184, buys color slides of trolleys or interurbans of Omaha, Council Bluffs, Sioux City, Lincoln, Peoria, Gary, etc.

JACK ARMSTRONG, 901 Joy Rd., Columbus, Ga. 31906, sells on approval negs. of New England and SOU diesels. (SSE)

DEAN ARNOLD, 1620 Creal Cres., Ann Arbor, Mich. 48103, buys SOO, AA emp. tts.; buys postcards, slides of NYO&W, D&H, LV, AA, EL.

JIM ARNOLD, 317 W. Emma St., Slater, Mo. 65349, will sell 6 vols. Brill Magazine for cash or swap for Unimat machine and accessories; make offer.

HARVEY BASS, 287 Valley Rd., River Edge, N.J. 07661, sells tts. of EL, Pennsy, NYC, LI from '60's; list 20c refundable. (SSE) Buys tts. of NYS&W, L&NE.

DICK BEALL, 2550 S.W. 16th St., Miami, Fla. 33145, buys, trades FEC negs., pix.

LOU BERNDT, Box 453, Geneva, Ill., trades tie date nails.

G.J. BOLINSKY, 435 Alameda Ave., Tacoma, Wash. 98466, trades Port Townsend RR, and Pope & Talbot diesel slides for those of privately-owned cars.

L. BONTRAGER, 3401 49th St., Sarasota, Fla. 33580, will buy book "On Slow Train Thru Arkansas."

HARRY BOUDREAUX, 3215 Madonna Dr., Alexandria, La. 71301, will sell a semaphore signal. (SSE).

F.R. BRADLEY, 3100 S.W. 53rd Ave., Ft. Lauderdale, Fla. 33314, sells Railroad Magazine back to '43, Trains to '45.

WALT BRAMKAMP, 40-32 218th St., Bayside, N.Y. 11361, sells pre-1920 CNJ train orders.

SETH BRAMSON, 8035 Cecil St., Miami Beach, Fla. 33141, buys, trades for anything FEC or predecessors; buys trolley, interurban, short line diner, RPO items.

CATHERINE BREEDING, 423 Melrose, Richardson, Texas 75080, buys rr., Pullman china, glassware. (SSE).

C.A. BUTCHER, 8 Coyne St., St. Thomas, Ont., Canada, sells GTW, GT steam pix; list, 15c.

DAVE CALLAHAN, Rte. 4, Box 29, Lynchburg, Va. 24503, trades Kodachrome slides of eastern, southern rrs. for those of your area.

RAY CANZONE, 5258 Longton Rd., Lyndhurst, Ohio 44124, buys pix of UP 4-8-2 7019, PRR D16b 6239, NKP 2-8-0 2562.

CURT CARLOUGH, 229 Rea Ave. Ext., Hawthorne, N.J. 07506, wants to contact 35mm EL camera fans in Warren, Akron, Mansfield, Marion, Lima, Ohio.

BOB CARLSON, 17 Frederick St., Newington, Conn. 06111, will sell '46, '57 Car Builder's Cyclopedia; sells enginemen's oil cans, tallow pots.

BILL CARTEE, Rte. 3, Box 392, Cullman, Ala. 35055, will buy 2/46, 7/47, 8, 12/48, 2/51, 4/64 issues of Railroad Magazine.

HAL CARTER, 5 Eastwood St., Blackburn, Lancs., England, will buy 3-tone, stepped-top, chime whistle from U.S. loco.

CECIL CHURCH, 216 Rideau Terr., Ottawa, Ont. K1M-0Z2, Canada, buys, trade Alco, Baldwin, Lima steam loco bldrs. pix, catalogs.

KEN CLARK, Box 117, St. John, Kan. 67576, trades date nails.

D.D. CONARD, 209 Maciel Ave., Roseville, Calif. 95678, sells erec. blueprint or ozlid, 1½"=1' scale, of SP AC-10 Mallet.

E.R. CONNER III, Catharpin, Va. 22018, sells his new booklet on SOU, Washington Division.

CHAS. CONNIFF, 534 Witsell Rd., Jackson, Miss. 39206, sells pix of pre-Amtrak psgr. trains. (SSE).

DAVE COOPER, 213 N. Lake St., Paris, Tenn. 38242, sells slides of TVRM's 8/71 Chattanooga-Gadsden trip; St. Louis Transportation Museum. (SSE).

JACK DAMON, Box 480, Alliance, Ohio 44601, sells back issues Railroad Magazine, Trains, RMC, Mdl. RRer '50-'68. (SSE).

VINCENT DE SANTIS, 196 Carbon St., Paterson, N.J. 07522, buys slides of EL Lake Cities, Owl, Twilight, Phoebe Snow, stations in Pa.

F.W. DE SAUTELLE, 125 7th Ave., Baraboo, Wis. 53913, will sell 5/18/46 Railway Age.

V. DELLA TORRE, 116 Cherokee La., Mahwah, N.J. 07430, buys slides of psgr. cars of RF&P, CN, CP, CB&Q, New Haven, GM&O, IC, SCL, Amtrak.

K.V. DETHMAN, Box 1301, Portland, Ore. 97207, buys operation, repair manuals for Budd RDC's.

DON DIETRICH, 9508 15 Ave. N.E., Seattle, Wash. 98115, wants to contact Earl Clark, author of 3/50 Railroad Magazine article on MILW.

G.L. DONELAN, 13705 S.W. 82 Ct., Miami, Fla. 33158, will buy steam loco hdlt. with number board in working order.

P. DOUGLAS, 112 W. 21st St., Vancouver, Wash. 98660, buys negs. of Erie 4100 series with inboard ashpans when new.

HENRY DOYCETTE, 185 Chestnut St., Waltham, Mass., buys info., pix of B&M Minute Man.

JOHN FELDMAN, 430 Maryland, Las Vegas, Nev. 89101, buys slides of RDG diesels, esp. 1st generation; RDG elecs.

DENISE FERRARI, 274 Emerson Ave., Bronx, N.Y. 10465, sells rail bookends, 6" high, 2½" thick.

JACK GARCIA, Box 223, Alberton, Mont. 59820, sells NP train orders 1909-'12.

CHAS. GARDINER, 39-20 220 St., Bayside, N.Y. 11361, buys, sells rr. bks. brochures, etc. (SSE). Buys wax sealers of N.E. rrs.

BILL GATES, 607 Dawson St., Uhrichsville, Ohio, sells rr. matchbooks, PRR paper railroadiana; list 5c and SEE.

G. GEOFF, Box 308, Folsom, Calif. 95630, sells, trades back issues Pacific News, Western Railroader.

GEOFF GERSLUNG, 415 E. Union St., Lockport, N.Y. 14094, sells 1972 steam, elec. wall calendar with 13 pix.

E.L. GILLIAN, 49 King George Rd., Brantford, Ont., Canada, will buy Rehor's "Nickel Plate Story."

BOB GOOD, 53 Embassy Ave., Manchester, N.H. 03104, sells '28 Manila tt., NYAB frt. and psgr. cars AB brake book, AAR car interchange rules.

BOB GREENAWALT, 3643, N. Rosemead Blvd., Rosemead, Calif. 91770, buys, trades defunct rr., mining co. stock certificates.

W.A. GRIMM, 204 Gregory Ave., West Orange, N.J. 07052, sells 30x40 pix mounted on ¼" fibreboard, caboose lamps, brass sta. lamps.

AL GUNDERSON, 427 Chicago Ave., Savanna, Ill. 61074, trades postcards of steam tourist lines, loco displays.

J.A. HANNOLD, 52 Lake St., Hammondsport, N.Y. 14840, sells Narragansett Pier RR. tickets, tts., 1886-1950. (SSE).

BOB HAUSCHILD, Box 182, Stonington, Conn. 06378, will paint to order your favorite rr. picture. (SSE).

ART HEPPERLEN, 217 Chester Ave., Bellmawr, N.J. 08030, will buy books about RDG.

JIM HINKHOUSE, Box 721, Ft. Morgan, Colo. 80701, buys, sells, trades H. Fogg prints of trains from early '40's, Kratville UP bks. (SSE).

BOB HITCH, 3217 Landsdowne Dr., Wilmington, Del. 19810, will sell three copies Beebe's "Highball," one copy Beebe's "High Iron." (SSE).

BOB HOFFMAN, 33 Mechanic St., Millburn, N.J., will buy 7/69 Railroad Magazine.

GEO. HORNA, 940 Riedy Rd., Lisle, Ill. 60532, trades orig., dupl. 35mm color slides of locos in Chicago area for slides of CMSP&P elecs.

TOM HUGHES, Box 796, Georgetown, Texas 78626, buys pix of steam locos being scrapped.

BILL HULSE, 309 New York Ave., Point Pleasant Beach, N.J. 08742, buys marked lanterns, switch lights, whistles, hdlts., bells, esp. SOU, Pennsy, ACL, N&W.

GARY JACOBS, 6404 Ward Road, Sanborn, N.Y. 14132, sells railroadiana; list, 10c.

Mrs. WILMER JACOBS, Box 283, Shannon, Ill. 61078, sells rr., ship postcards. (SSE).

WILSON JONES, 105 Fairmount Ave., Hackensack, N.J. 07601, buys rr. songs, pix of Erie, NYS&W, NKP psgr. trains.

JOHN KEAVY Jr., Box 214, Fall River, Mass. 02724, sells pix of Manchester, N.H., Eastern, Mass., Union St. Rys., etc.; list, sample, 25c.

DAVE KELLER, 5473 Express Dr. N., Holtsville, N.Y. 11742, buys any size negs. LIRR.

JEFF KLEIN, 10554 Hester, Whittier, Calif. 90604, buys pix of D&RGW-RGS narrow gage.

DARYL KNAPP, 336 W. Cypress, El Cajon, Calif. 92020, buys info., pix of SP business cars 109, San Carlos and 122, Sacramento.

WENDALL KOONTZ, RR1, Wellington, Kan. 67152, buys, sells, trades rr. tie, pole date nails.

ROG KOSCIK, 141 E. Potter, Wood Dale, Ill. 60191, sells dupl. color slides of rr. and rapid transit of U.S., Canada.

C. KOWAL, 6615 S. Bell Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60636, sells Colorado Midland engraved bond coupons.

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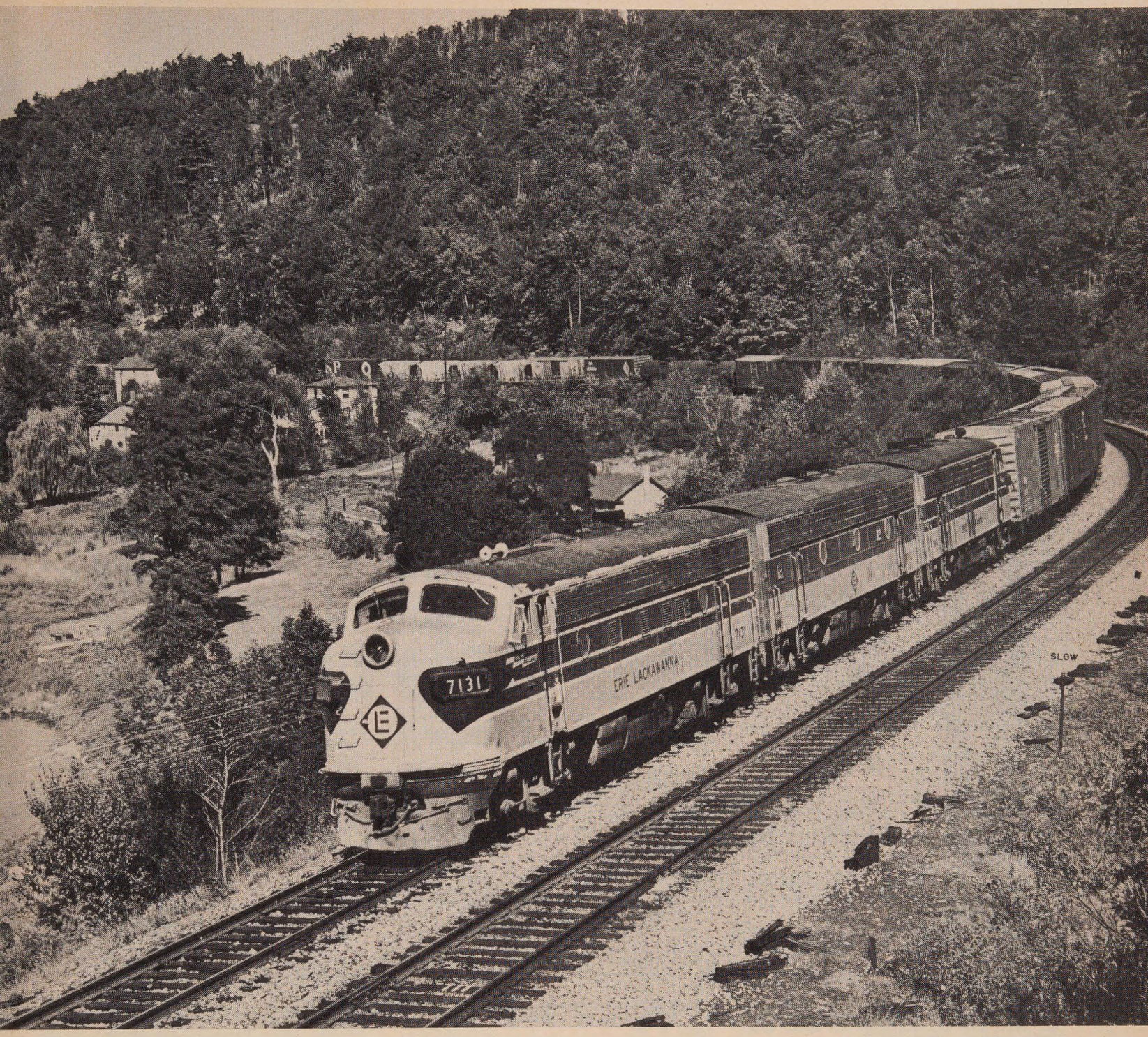

F-units A-B-A lead westbound Erie Lackawanna freight around curve at Pond Eddy, N.Y., August, 1970.
Bill Botkin, 13 Columbia Rd., Convent Station, N.J. 07961

PAUL DRANOWSKI, 121 Burnside Ave., Cranford, N.J. 07016, buys 35 mm slides of pre-Amtrak trains; diesels of MON, LV, C&O, EL.

JEFF LEKNES, 101 Spruce La., Paoli, Pa. 19301, trades PC, RDG suburban tts. for last GN, CB&Q tts. (SSE).

DAVE LEONARD, 2640 Campbellton, Atlanta, Ga. 30311, trades size 120 GTW, CN steam negs. for slides of PA's, Sharks, C-Liners, oil paint schemes, etc.

R.W. LIMBERT, 440 N. 7th St., Lebanon, Pa. 17042, will sell lot of 3000 pix of 179 rrs. in 5 sizes. (SSE).

ELVIN LIQUE, 1501½ 2nd St., Wausau, Wis. 54401, 3½x5 steam, diesel, pix. (SSE)

J.R. LOWRY, 8 Locke St. North, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, buys CN, CP tts., anything from Wellington, Grey and Bruce.

FRANK LUPPINO Jr., 1445 Sunset Ridge Rd., Glenview, Ill. 60025, buys switchmen's oil lanterns; caboose, coach, depot lights; tkts.; passes; tkt. punches; daters; dies.

FRANK MACKEY, 11 Grant St., Poughkeepsie, N.Y. 12601, will sell 75 issues Railroad Magazine '59-'71, 9 issues 2/45-5/47. (SSE)

JEFF MADDEN, 110 Kent Terr. Martinsburgh WV 25401, sells back issues Railroad Magazine, Trains, RMC '35-date; buys Trains, West Penn pix. (SSE)

R.N. MANSLEY, 7722 Loretto Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19111, will sell lot of 56 Railroad Magazines '33-'54. (SSE)

REILLY McCARREN, 24 Wells La., Short Hills, N.J. 07078, buys color slides of locos, psgr. cars of Erie, DL&W, NYS&W, EL, affiliated rrs.

M.D. McCARTER, 1507 W. North La., Phoenix, Ariz. 85021, sells, trades negs. of steam, trolley, diesel; list, $2 refundable.

HAROLD McMICHAEL, 30 Palmerston Ave., Brantford, Ont., Canada, sells p.c. size pix of WAB diesels on Buffalo Divn.

BOB McVAY, Box 625. King City, Calof. 93930, buys rr. bks., mags., esp. western, traction; sells Kodachrome dupl. slides. (SSE)

DOUG MELIN, 19682 Coffinberry, Fairview Pk., Ohio 44126, sells CRI&P "Route of the Rockets" stationery and envelopes.

F.A. MELLUISH, 200 Walnut La. Branson, Mo. 65616, sells interurban and trolley annual passes; list, 25c.

MARGARET MEYER, 552 Saunders, Akron, Ohio 44319, sells 15 diff. antique rr. playing cards, other railroadianna. (large SSE)

Mrs. C.B. MICKLEA, 47000 Michigan, Belleville, Mich. 48111, will sell 8/18 Loco. Mag.; 2/21 and 1/24 Railway Mag., all good cond. Starting mail auctions of original railroadiana, 1836-1950, from rare private collection, unavailable elsewhere. (First list, SSE)

AL MILLER, 3212 34th Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minn. buys 8 mm, super 8, 16mm movies of rrs., interubans, trolleys, Chicago RR. Fair, etc., around Chicago.

GARY MILLER, 1621 S. 2nd Ave., Arcadia, Calif. 91006, trades 35mm slides of AT&SF for same of your area.

L.D. MOORE, Box 2144, Portsmouth, Va. 23702, sells railroadiana; list, 25c.

JOHN MORGAN, Box 593, Morenci, Ariz. 85540, buys back issues Railroad Magazine '40-'59.

DICK MORHARD, 14 Rogers Lane, Smithtown, N.Y. 11787, sells 35 mm slides, b&w pix., negs.; other railroadiana. (SSE)

JIM MORRIS, 1967 E. Oak St., Kankakee, Ill. 60901, buys Pullman railroadiana, esp. blankets.

RAY MORRISSETTE, 836 Nouvelle-Orleans, Ste-Foy PQ, Canada, buys, trades 35mm color slides of locos, unusual equip., etc.

ED MOUL, 406 Country La., Narberth, Pa. 19072, offers free selection of tts. from '66-'70 for 24c in stamps. as long as supply lasts.

J.E. MURPHY, 733 Beaverbrook Rd., Baltimore, Md. 21212, sells back issues Railroad Magazine, Trains, HO Monthly, Mdl. RRer, RMC, or trades for Railroad Magazine. (large SSE)

JON NELSON, 9911 W. Broadview Dr., Miami Beach, Fla. 33154, buys anything FEC or Fla.: buys, sells, trades RPO cancellations.

PAUL NELSON, Box 380, Luther College, Decorah, Iowa 52101, wants info. on Empire Builder, North Coast Ltd., for research paper.

WARREN NORCROSS, 5411 Whitby Ave., Philadelphia, Pa. 19143, sells Alco-GE diesel bldrs. plates. (SSE)

JIM PALASEK, 34 Kulick St., Clifton, N.J. 07011, buys pix, tts. etc. of PRSL, NYS&W, Erie's Greenwood Lakes Div., PRR line thru Seaside Pk., N.J.

GARY PARDUE, 120 Wesley St., Bluefield, Va. 24605, will buy tall N&W hand lantern, series 1911.

JOHN PARKER, 1439 Alpine Dr., Aiken, S.C. 29801, sells, trades 2¼x3¼ negs.; sells pix of traction, major rrs., short lines; each list, 25c.

C.G. PARSONS, Rte. A2 Box 124D, Dunnellon, Fla. 32630, wants address of James E. MacRae formerly of Kenosha, Wis.

ROSS POLLOCK, USNS Maumee, c/o Marine Transport Lines, 60 Broad St., New York, N.Y. 10004, buys Pass. Grt. Regs. '48-'54; allow time for reply.

JOE QUINN, Box 1044, Tillson, N.Y. 12486, sells steam pix from '30's, '40's; specify interests.

RAY RADWAY, 22495 Ray, Detroit, Mich. 48223, sells "All Time Catalog of Interurban and Street Ry. Books and Bulletins," 63 pages.

F. REEDER, 315 15th St., Charlottesville, Va. 22903, wants ICC wreck reports for Va.

JIM REID, 4584 Brentlawn Dr., North Burnaby, B.C., Canada, trades CN, CP emp. tts. for BN, CMSP&P, C&NW emp. tts.; buys trades for BN train orders.

WAYNE RHEINFELD, 1011 Neilson St., Far Rockaway, N.Y. 11691, buys lanterns, globes, bells, locks, hdlts., whistles, keys.

STAN RHINEHART, 4675 Teller St., Wheat Ridge, Colo. 80033, will sell two D&RG n.g. headlts., excellent cond.

GEO. RICHARDSON, 1343 San Rafael, Santa Barbara, Calif. 93109, sells 1879 Central Pacific and V&T waybills. (large SSE)

BOB RIEBOLD, 434 Caroline, Kirkwood, Md. 63122, sells rr. playing card decks, other railroadiana. (SSE)

JOHN RIEPE, 27240 Wentworth, Suncity, Calif. 92381, sells Central New Eng. emp. tts., trolley bks., pamphlets or trades for N.Y. slides, pix. (SSE)

E.A. ROWELL, Jr., 1423 4th Ave. S., Fargo, N.D. 58102, sells or trades tts., emp. tts., other railroadiana. (SSE)

WM. RUSSELL, 402 Rochelle Ave., Wilmington, Del. 19804, sells size 616 short line steam negs., back issues Trains. (SSE)

DICK SACHS, 330 Raft, River Edge, N.J. 07661, buys PC, El, rule bks., emp. tts.; sells pix, paper items; trades lists. (SSE)

R. SAPPELLI, 390 Dartmouth St., Wyckoff, N.J. 07481, trades Erie, NYS&W, Chestnut Ridge forms, tie date nails for forms, tie date nails of other rrs. (SSE)

BRUCE SAYLOR, 2836 Leon Ave., Audubon, Pa. 19407, buys PRR calendars of 1926-'32, '36; buys, trades RDG, CNJ, B&O steam pix.

FRANK SCHEER, 18 E. Rosemont Ave., Alexandria, Va. 22301, buys trades Va. psgr. tariff books. Buys exp., rr. wax and lead sealers.

WAYNE SCHENK, Box 195, West Seneca, N.Y. 14224, sells rr. histories, railroadiana; list, 10c.

JOE SCHICK, 11 E. Marigold Dr., Denver, Colo. 80221, sells back issues Railroad Magazine 1937-'57, 12/16, good cond.

JIM SHACKLETON, Box 12, Shelton, Wash. 98584, sells dupl. slides of BN with old paint, new numbers. (SSE)

AL SHARP, 100 Shennecossett Pkwy., Groton, Conn. 06340, sells Boston & Worcester St. Ry. 1911 tts., Conn. Co. 1927-'33 tts.

D.J. SHELBURNE, Box 150, San Jose, Calif. 95103, buys express, reefer, small Mexican loco pix.

E. SHERIDAN, 1121 Hastings St., Green Bay, Wis. 54301, will buy Bedwell's "The Boomer."

P.F. SHERIDAN, 838 Parkridge Dr., Media, Pa. 19063, will buy Taber's "Climax, an Unusual Steam Locomotive."

BEN SMITH, Box 34, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11213, buys car and loco cyclopedias, other rr. bks., pix., rr. calanders, train mags., Baldwin Loco. mags.

F.S. SMITH, Washington Crossing, Pa. 18977, will sell ½" dia. lapel pin lettered "Pennsylvania System Fraternity."

HARTLAND SMITH, Box 452, Birmingham, Mich. 48012, buys used Blackhawk, amateur rr. movies.

MARTHA SMITH, Box 327, Nyack, N.Y. 10960, sells rr. postcards, loco note pads. (SSE)

MARC SOLON, 704 Parkside Ave., Trenton, N.J. 08168, buys emp. tts. of DSS&A; KCS; N&W Pocahontas Div., Scioto Div.; WM Elkins Div.

W.E. STAUB, 30 E. 3rd St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218, will buy position-light cab signal indicator, PRR 3 lens markers, 1940 Erie Susquehanna Div. emp. tts.

C. STEPHENS, 1065 5 Pl., Pont Hueneme, Calif. 93041, sells pix of steam on display in S.W. states, incl. SP, AT&SF, UP, CB&Q. (SSE)

JOHN STONE, 6810 Chambers Ave., Cleveland, Ohio 44105, sells B&O blue china by Shenango.

JOHN SUSKEWICZ, 349 Roosevelt Rd., Pittsburgh, Pa. 15237, buys pix of refers, PC covered wagons.

ROY TEFFT, 1708 Hale Ave., Corcoran, Calif. 93212, sells AT&SF, SP emp. tts. 1942-date. (SSE)

JIM TERRELL, Box 31, Telluride, Colo. 81435, trades or sells tts., emp. tts., train orders, esp. Colo. rrs.

GENE THELEEN, Box 4889, San Francisco, Calif. 94101, buys 8mm, super 8 movies of Turbo train on tour, Flying Scotsman western tour.

BOB TURNER, 2725 Melfa Rd., Vancouver 8, B.C., Canada, will buy "Central American Holiday," "Milwaukee Road Electrification," CO rail annuals.

BOB VENSEL, 1827 Underwood Ave., Huntington, W.Va. 25701, sells back issues rr., mdl. rr. mags.; buys pre-'60 issues of same; will buy "The Berkshire Era." (SSE)

JERRY VESTAL, 1160 E. 170th St., South Holland, Ill. 60473, sells PRR steam loco markers and 1955 calendars, Off. Guides, Equip. Registers of '50's, '60's. (SSE)

RODGER VIZBAR, Box 334, Macdonald College 800, P.Q., Canada, buys PGE slides, other railroadiana; will buy "PGE, Ry. to North."

R.R. WALTON, 1745 Sharon Pl., San Marino, Calif. 91108, will buy H.K. Porter loco catalog of 1880.

JOHN WESTON, 101 Prairie Ave., Wilmette, Ill. 60091, buys, sells, trades tts., passes; list free.

GERRISH WILLIAMS, 26 Overbrook Ave., Maple Shade, N.J. 08052, buys tts. from bus subsidiaries of NYNH&H, B&M, MEC, CNJ, RDG.

ED WIWATOWSKI, Box 554, Powers, Ore. 97446, buys ORT union cards 1887-1910.

ROY WOJAHN, 1012 E. Vanowen, Orange, Calif. 92667, sells 35mm dupl. color slides of 1948 Chicago rr. fair. (SSE)

BOB YANOSEY, 40 Hendel Ave., North Arlington, N.J. 07032, sells on approval diesel and steam negs.; no list.

JOHN YATES, 125 E. Oakland Ave., Oaklyn, N.J. 08107, sells tts., rulebks., railroadiana. (SSE)

FREEMAN HUBBARD, c/o Railroad Magazine, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10017, will sell 1 copy ea. of these hard-cover books: 'Treasury of American Folklore," by Botkin and Carl Sandburg, 932 pages (1944), $12; "Inland Empire" (rrs. in Northwest), by Fahey, 270 pages, illust., indexed (1965), $6; "Cloud-Climbing RR." (Alamogordo & Sacramento Mt. RR.), by Neal, 81 pages, extra-good paper, autographed by author, illust., indexed (1966), $5, all good cond., postpaid.

Model Trading Post

H.R. ASHLEY, 41 Anderson Ave., Scarsdale, N.Y. 10583, buys trains, floor toys made by Unique Art Mfg.

ELLIS, Elcho, Wis. 54428, will buy desk paperweight model of trolley, steam, diesel loco, caboose, or loco.

WM. FISHER, 128 Rogers Pl., Allandale, Fla. 32019, sells custom-built O-gage freight cars; list free.

KEN FREMONT, 49 E. Hill Dr., Smithtown, N.Y. 11787, buys standard-gage toy electric trains such as Lionel, Ives, etc.

PETE GRABKO, 96 Miner St., Hudson, Pa. 18705, sells AFS, O-gage locos, freight psgr. cars. (SSE)

PAUL STEPHANUS, 212 Walnut St., Montclair, N.J. sells O-gage trestle, truss bridges. ●

With an eye-filling smoke plume, Denver & Rio Grande Western train climbs Soldier's Summit, 20 years ago.

Photograph by Richard H. Kindig

Pen Pals Wanted

(Mr.) Rene Siostrand (age 24), Backeforsgatan 25, S-431 38, Moldnal, Sweden, interested in steam, diesel, electric locos; wants U.S. or Canadian pen pals; trades pix, movies, sound recordings.

Harold H. Pruitt, 1198 Dawsonville Rd., Gainesville, Ga. 30501, will correspond with oldtime railroaders.

Debra Tingley (14), 295 Main St., Milford, Pa. 18834, regrets lack of passenger trains in her area, welcomes mail.

Florence C. Olkuszz, 287 De Sota Ave., Woodbridge, N.J. 07095, trades postcards.

Cris James (14), 737 Linden, Lewiston, Idaho 83501.

Josephine Burlingame, Rossville Nursing Home, Rossville, Ga., confined to wheelchair, needs cheer-up letters and picture postcards.

Frank Zieba, Jr. (27), 11 N. Monford Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21224, wants female pen pals in the East. His hobbies are railroading and photography.

Stanley Teger (33), 7716 21st Ave., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11214, a deaf mute, will correspond with other deaf mutes, including European, about trains, trolleys, etc.

P. J. Slattery, signalman (40), 1 Martin Breen Terr., Tipperary, County Tipperary, Ireland, collects coins; will correspond with British railwayman.

Mrs. Lottie Pelletier, Pullman Convalescent Center, Rm. 3, Pullman, Wash. 99163, invalid, needs cheer-up letters and cards.

Glen Brunk (68), electrician and railroader, contact your sister, Mrs. Maxine E. Talarico, P.O. Box 515, Thompson Falls, Mont. 59873; she last saw you in 1948.

Austin Green (65), former IC engineer out of Chicago, write to your cousin, E. L. Finklea, 1052 Brierfield Dr., Jacksonville, Fla. 32205, who hasn't seen you for 30 years.

T. J. Pelletier, Box 64, Palouse, Wash., oldtime railroader, wants pen pals. ●

Statement of Ownership, Management, and Circulation

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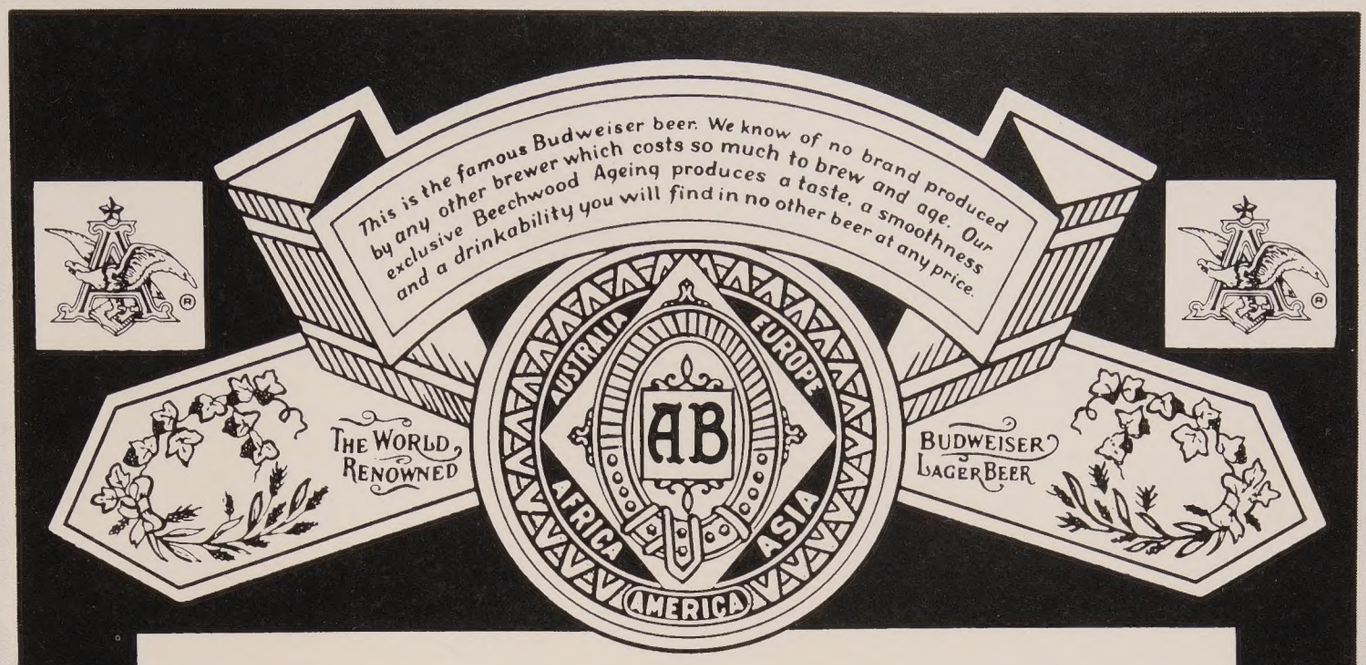
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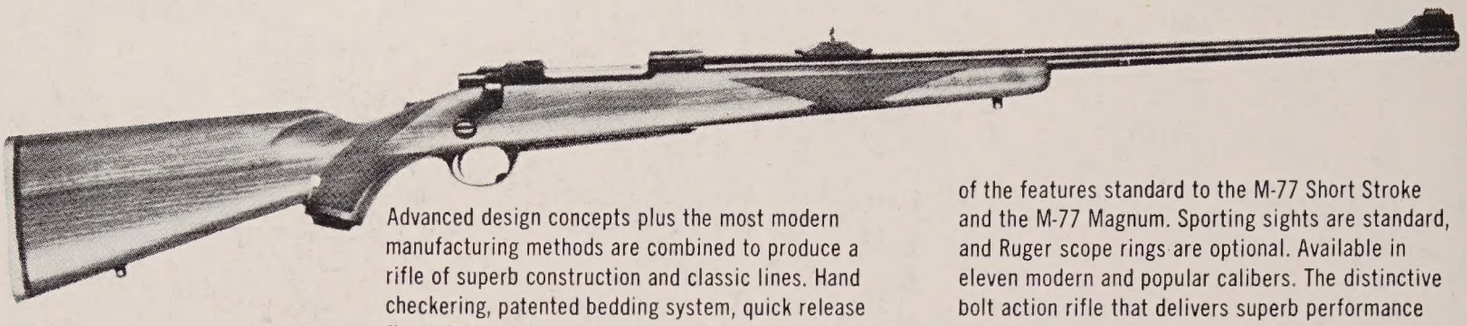

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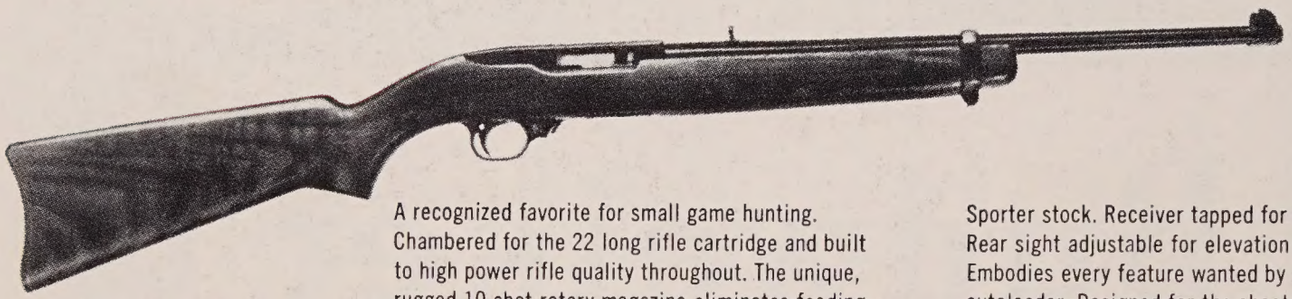

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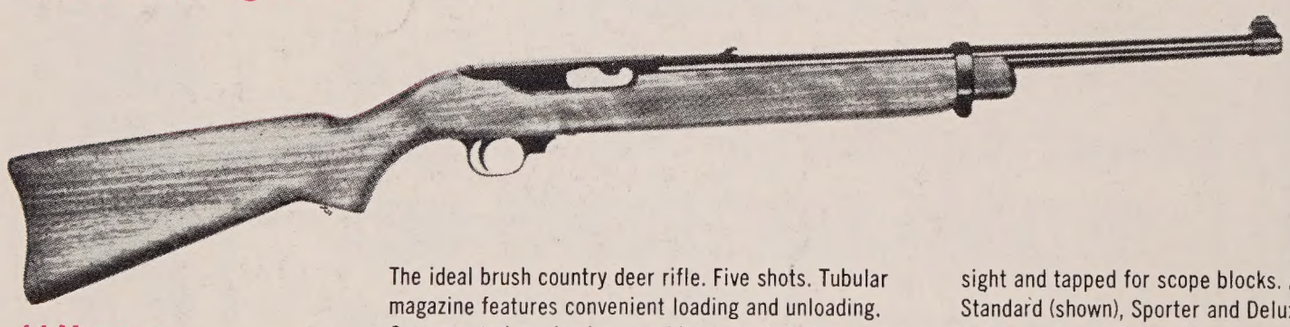

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